

B.C.S.

THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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**THE MAGAZINE OF
BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.**

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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<i>Prefects</i>	—J. N. de la VERGNE —P. R. DUFFIELD —E. G. EBERTS —R. SOWARD
<i>Head Boys</i>	—H. H. FRASER —T. S. GILLESPIE —T. F. E. HALL —I. R. M. HENDERSON —W. B. JOHNSON —J. P. MILETTE —M. P. PICK —J. M. ROLAND —P. SMITH —J. Q. TEARE
<i>Cadet Major</i>	—J. P. MILETTE
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<i>Captain of Cricket</i>	—I. R. M. HENDERSON

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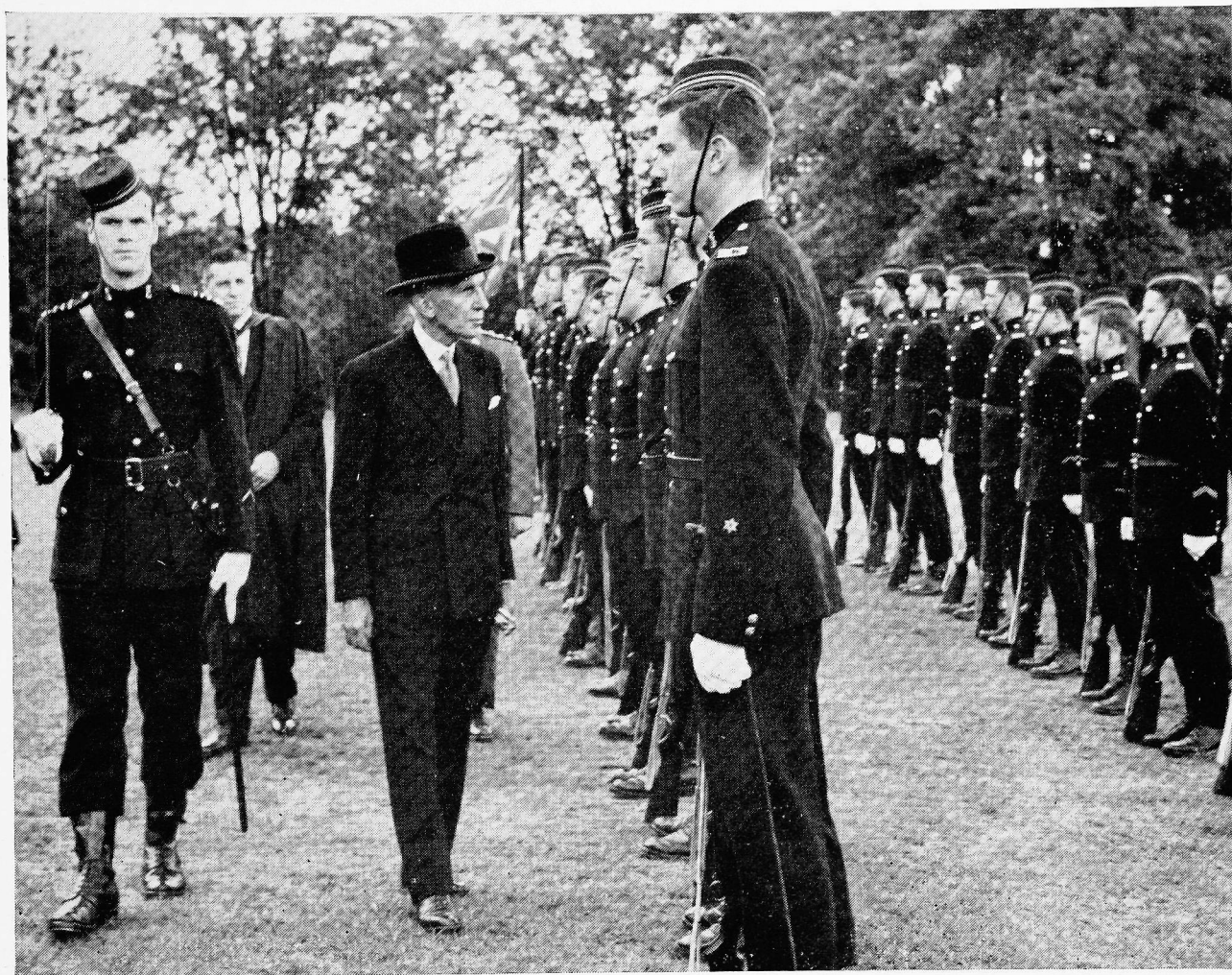
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Kenneth Hugessen Prize Short Story — M. Bell.
Warren Hale Essay Prize — Not awarded.
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Section Cover Drawings by A. Sharp.
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THE VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

On Monday, May 31st, the School was honoured by a visit of His Excellency the Governor-General, the Right Honorable Vincent Massey.

His Excellency arrived shortly before lunch, inspected a Guard of Honour of No. 2 Bishop's College School Cadet Corps, and then lunched with the School in the Dining Hall.

After a brief introduction by the Headmaster, His Excellency spoke to the School, reminding us that in our independence we are free not only to experiment with new ideas, but to preserve old traditions. He stressed the importance of such traditions as have been established in the School, and emphasized that tradition is in the making in all activity every day. He also stressed the fact that the life and system of such schools as ours form a vigorous democracy.

His Excellency ended by requesting the Headmaster to grant the School a holiday in honour of Her Majesty the Queen.

After lunch His Excellency met the members of the teaching staff of the School in the Peter Holt Memorial Library, and later toured the buildings and playing fields.

His Excellency's visit was a great honour and privilege for the School, and, as the Headmaster stated in his introduction, His Excellency's career of public service forms a very great example and, indeed, inspiration, for Canadian youth.

ARTIFICIAL ICE FOR THE SCHOOL

Even before the train stopped at Lennoxville on September the 10th the rumour was, "Have you heard about the rink?", and when the notice went up on the board, "The rink is out of bounds till further notice" the rumour was confirmed.

On November the 6th the First Football Team played the last match of its season in the morning, and in the evening the first hockey practice took place.

As usual, the School had Old Boys, Directors, and friends to thank, for about a year ago these groups combined to organize and finance the installation of an artificial ice plant in the rink.

The worth of this addition was at once apparent as the first term drew to its end, for the School was able to transfer its interest directly from football to hockey without the usual month of inactivity that in the past has proved such a let-down.

The new plant also provided the First Hockey Team with unprecedented opportunity for practice, and by the

first regular game all the players were veterans of many exhibition tussles with local clubs.

The advantages, however, are not confined to hockey. The new floor of the rink provided a surface on which to set up cricket nets and mats, and practices for this sport too got off to a good start when the fields were still unplayable at the very beginning of the summer term. The Cadet Corps can use it as a parade ground in bad weather, and it is even possible that an indoor tennis court may be set up.

It might be appropriate to remind ourselves that the rink is The Memorial Rink, originally built as a memorial to the Old Boys who fell in the First Great War. Its added value and importance in our lives since the installation of artificial ice should enhance our awareness of it and what it commemorates; let us never take it or the labour and thought and generosity that made it possible for granted.

P. DUFFIELD, (Form VII)

SCHOLARSHIPS AND GIFTS

In the past year a number of people and organizations have proved their confidence and interest in the work and aim of the School by various bequests and gifts. The School is most grateful for these generous donations, and is making every effort to use them in such a way that the purposes of the donors will be fully justified.

As well as the artificial ice plant for the Memorial Rink, described above, the School has been enriched by the following:

The Roderick A. C. Kane Scholarships, a bequest of the late Miss Harriet Kane in memory of her brother, are offered for the first time this year. These scholarships are described in detail in the Old Boys' Section of the Magazine.

The new Physics Laboratory is the gift of the St. Lawrence Paper Corporation of Montreal.

The new Prep Playing Fields have been in use throughout the year. They were constructed with funds given by the Asbestos Corporation, the Johnson's Company, and another anonymous donor.

A new moving picture projector is the gift of an Old Boy and Director of the School, Col. W. W. Ogilvie.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Duffield of Montreal have donated a tape-recorder to the School, and this has already been put to much use in connection with the work of the Choir.

The Peter Holt Memorial Library has been enriched by the addition of one hundred books from Brig. G. V. Whitehead, a copy of "Prelude to Dunkirk" from Mr. Justice W. B. Scott, and a second gift of classical records from Mr. Guy Drummond.

MRS. ROGERS

Mrs. R. P. Rogers, Headmaster's Private Secretary since 1949, retired this spring because of ill health.

Boys and members of the teaching staff will miss her buoyant cheerfulness and good humour, and wish her well in her retirement.

Her genuine interest in all aspects of the School's life, and in the welfare of every boy, was a great asset to the School and won the affection of all who knew her.

SCHOOL NOTES



CHAPEL NOTES

There have been several noteworthy changes in the course of this year.

The pressure of increased numbers has caused us to hold more services in the School Assembly Hall or in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke. It is now becoming difficult to seat even the ordinary Sunday congregation in St. Mark's Chapel, and so after much work had been done to make the Assembly Hall more beautiful we decided to hold some services there. The Rector of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, kindly invited us to his Church once more for our Thanksgiving Service on October 10th, and many Old Boys and friends were present. We hope to continue this arrangement in 1955, and perhaps a reminder of the early hour of this service (9.30 a.m.) is worth while. Also in St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, there will be a special service for the School on Sunday, November 20th, at 9.15 a.m., when our Choir will join with the choristers of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ontario, at Holy Eucharist.

A beautiful processional cross has been given to the School and is now in use at our services. It was presented in memory of W. A. Page, late Choirmaster and Master-

in-Charge of the Preparatory School, and was dedicated at a special service in the Chapel on November 14th.

This year a great improvement has been noted in the work of the Servers, for which White, the Head Server, is to be congratulated. The Servers are Fraser, Gallop, Huband, MacDougall, Molson, Roland, and Sharp II.

Our thanks are due to many visitors who have preached at our services: the Archbishop of Quebec, Dr. Jefferis, Professor of Education at Bishop's University, Dr. L. M. Outerbridge, Rector of Lennoxville United Church, and the Reverend E. Harrison, Rector of North Hatley, and we are especially grateful to Dean Jellicoe, the Reverend Elton Scott, and the Reverend Lewis Clarke, both for their sermons and their assistance at our Choral Eucharist.

On Sunday, May the 15th, the following boys were confirmed by the Archbishop of Quebec: David Baillie, John Carroll, George Hastings, Charles Howard, Anthony Jessop, Peter Morgan, and William Watson of the Prep School; Robert Anderson, Desmond Boswell, David Conyers, John Dalglish, Richard Freeborough, James Hastings, James McNeill, Charles Sise, Robert Soward, and Peter Webb of the Upper School.

CHOIR NOTES

This year has been one of outstanding achievement for the choir, involving as it has, two major trips—one to Quebec Cathedral in October, the other to St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, in April. Both trips were in connection with special occasions: the 150th Anniversary of the Quebec Cathedral, and the Patronal Festival of St. George's, Kingston. As a result, the choir has had to work especially hard to prepare new anthems, canticle settings and psalms.

We were fortunate in having as our guest organist at Quebec Mr. Alastair Cassels-Brown, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., who has since been appointed co-organist of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, N.Y. Our congratulations to him on his new appointment.

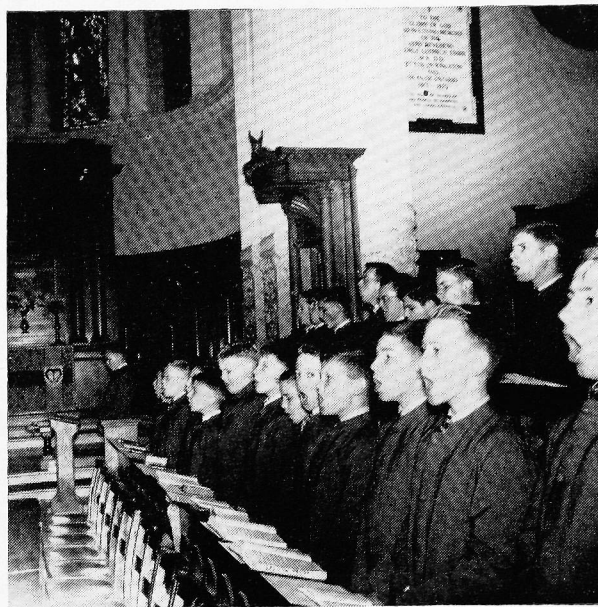
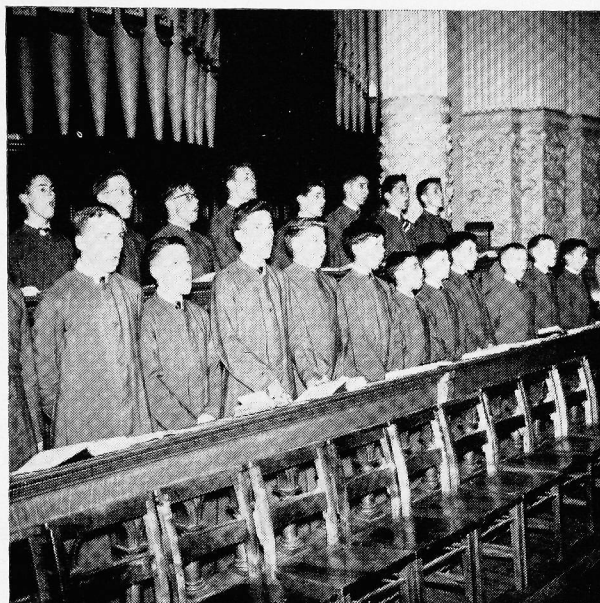
This spring at St. George's, Kingston, the choir had the unique experience of participating in three services, Holy Communion, Mattins and Festal Evensong, at each of which the Archbishop of Quebec and the Bishop of Ontario were in attendance. At Evensong, a broadcast service, our choir joined with the choir of St. George's, which sang the services at Westminster Abbey last summer under the leadership of their choirmaster, Mr. George Maybee. The hundred and twenty voices blended in a thrilling manner that will be long remembered by our boys. A happy outcome of this experience is that the Dean and choir of the Kingston Cathedral have consented to visit B.C.S. on Sunday, November 20th, and to sing

with us at St. Peter's, Sherbrooke. It is hoped that as many parents and Old Boys as possible will visit us for this service at 9.15 a.m.

Two things in particular have added to the choir's efficiency and progress during the year: the very generous gift of a tape recorder by Mr. Duffield, to whom we are very grateful, and the furnishing of a music room in School House. The tape recorder has already been put to good use. Records of anthems and hymns have also been made for us by Mr. James Winder. The music room has been invaluable to us. Here, every day in their spare moments, Mr. Currie and Mr. Thomas have been working at new music with some section of the choir.

Donald Patriquin's able services as assistant organist have been much appreciated. He has continued to make outstanding progress in both piano and organ. Having three school prefects (Kyrtsis I, Sharp I and Duffield) in the choir has also contributed much to our leadership and discipline.

We wish to thank Miss Reyner again this year for her capable supervision of the choir robes; Brainerd for his useful work as librarian; Riley and his choir helpers; and above all Mr. Forster who, as our choirmaster, has been the dynamic force behind us. As a result of his untiring efforts the School has reached new standards of singing, and there is an increased interest in music generally.



THE CHOIR PRACTISING IN ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON

LIST OF THE CHOIR

Prep Trebles—Ashworth, Brown II, Brown III, Cushing, Harris I, Hastings II, Howard, Jamieson II, Kenny, Kilgour, McDonald II, MacPherson, Morgan, Patriquin II, Rowat II, Tomlinson II, Yuile II.

Upper School Trebles—*Leader*: Smith II, Alexander I, Coburn, Collyer, Cumyn, Freeborough, Landsberg, Matthews II, McCulloch, McNeill II, Rowat I, Sharp IV, Vintcent.

Altos—Alexander II, Bouchette, Howatson, Kyrtsis II, Miller, McNeill I, Mitchell, Riley, Temple.

Tenors—Bladon, Bramird, Conyers, Knight, Rankin, Sharp II, Smith I, Tomlinson I, Trott, Webb.

Basses—Baher, Bell, Byers, Duffield, Hall, Kyrtsis I, Sharp I, Teare, White.

Librarian—Brainerd.

Assistant Organist—Patriquin.

RECORD OF B.C.S. CHOIR MUSIC

A twelve-inch long playing record of the music sung by the Choir in the services in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, is now available at the School at cost price—\$3.00.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY

As usual, because of the many conflicting activities of the first term, the Debating Society did not get under way until after Christmas. Meetings were held after Choir practice on Friday evenings, in the Peter Holt Memorial Library. The attendance has on the whole been very good, and from the viewpoint of a young debater eager for practice and educationally beneficial entertainment, the Society has had a successful year.

The first meeting of the Society was held on January 13th, and the following officers were elected: MacDougall, President; White, Vice-President; Henderson, Treasurer; Roland and Sharp, Sixth Form Secretaries; Bell and Judge, Fifth Form Secretaries. On the next evening the annual Hat Night was held. About twenty-five boys spoke on various subjects, the speeches being mostly average, with a few salient exceptions. After this meeting Milette, who had been absent for the previous one, was appointed a Vice-President by Mr. Doheny, in view of his seniority and his contributions to the Society. The next meeting was held on January 28th, the subject being, "Resolved in the opinion of this Society that West Germany should be rearmed." Messrs. Goodenough, Roland and Gordon, speaking for the affirmative, handily defeated Messrs. Pick, Brainerd and Howatson. There were fifteen speeches from the floor, and the voting slips gave top honours to Mr. Goodenough and Mr. Gordon.

On February 4th, a trial was held for possible speakers in the Triangle Debate. Ten boys discussed the subject "Resolved in the opinion of this Society that coexistence with communist countries is possible." Messrs. Milette, Brainerd, Bell, Henderson and White upheld the affirmative against Messrs. Gordon, Leach, Judge, Huband and Goodenough. The resolution was accepted after several

recounts of a very close vote.

We have not, alas, been so successful afield. Mr. Doheny decided to send Gordon and White to represent the School against Ashbury in the Triangle Debate, which was held this year at Lower Canada College on February 25th. The subject under discussion was the same as that of our previous meeting, but the verdict was reversed, the Ashbury team defeating the School (affirmative) by a small margin.

On the same evening as the Triangle Debate (February 25th), a regular meeting of the Society was held to decide whether "skiing is a more advantageous winter sport than hockey." The Society agreed with Messrs. Gallop, Miller and Byers, who supported skiing against Messrs. Huband, Bladon and McNeill I.

On March 4th, a meeting was held at which several members made trial speeches for the Boys' Public Speaking Contest sponsored by the Montreal Branch of the Rotary Club. Goodenough was finally chosen to represent the School, and on March 15th he spoke in Sherbrooke on "To shave or not to shave; that is the question." He came third out of seven contestants.

This year Bell is to represent Canada in the United Nations Model Assembly in Plymouth, N.H., from May 12th to May 15th.

The Society wishes to thank Mr. Doheny for his kindness in officiating at the meetings of the Society again this year. Those of us who spoke outside the School especially wish to thank him for his invaluable help and advice, and the time he gave up to us. The Society also wishes to thank Mr. Forster for helping out on February 25th, in Mr. Doheny's absence.

P. WHITE, (Form M VI)



B.C.S. CAMERA CLUB COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOS "SEACOAST" AND "GOSSIP", BY M. CHOQUETTE.





THE PLAYERS' CLUB

"THE MIDDLE WATCH"

by

IAN HAY and STEPHEN KING-HALL

Presented by The Players' Club

December 2nd and 3rd, 1954

THE PLAYERS

<i>Marine Ogg</i>	M. GORDON
<i>Ah Fong</i>	J. ROLAND
<i>Captain Randall, Royal Marines</i>	S. OLAND
<i>Fay Eaton</i>	G. HOWATSON
<i>Nancy Hewitt</i>	P. MATTHEWS
<i>Commander Baddeley, Royal Navy</i>	P. DUFFIELD
<i>Charlotte Hopkinson</i>	R. FERGUSON
<i>Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt K.C.B.</i>	W. BRAINERD
<i>Mary Carlton</i>	G. BLADON
<i>Lady Hewitt</i>	B. VINTCENT
<i>An Able Seaman</i>	M. PICK
<i>Captain Maitland, Royal Navy</i>	P. WHITE
<i>Corporal Duckett, Royal Marines</i>	J. MILETTE

STAGE CREW

Stage Manager	P. Smith
Electrician	H. Dixon
Sound Effects	J. McGreevy
	M. Choquette
Properties Manager	J. Riley
	T. Goodenough
	R. Miller
Prompter	J. Trott
Stage Hands	B. Badger
	R. Bailey
	R. Eakin
	G. Eberts
	D. Hyman
	R. Judge
	P. Mackay
	K. Kyrtsis
Business Management	W. Sharp
	R. MacDougall

Posters Illustrated by A. Sharp.

Set Planned by G. Leach.



STAGE CREW

Prompter and Property Manager P. Gallop
Sound Effects G. Leach
Assistants L. Brock, P. Davidson
 M. McMaster, S. Molson
 J. Temple

Top to Bottom—

Right: 1. SWITCHBOARD AND SOUND EFFECTS
2. WHITE AS THE CAPTAIN, BRAINERD AND DUFFIELD
AS THE COMMANDER
3. HOWATSON BEING MADE UP AS FAY

CADET INSPECTION

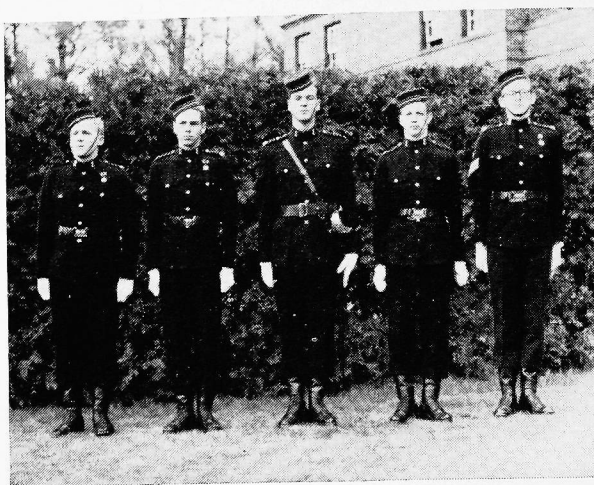
Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Bourne, E.D., Commanding Officer of the 3rd Battalion, The Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, was the Reviewing Officer at the Annual Cadet Inspection held on Wednesday, May 18th.

The Following were Cadet Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Corps this year:

OFFICERS:

Cadet Major, J. Milette; Cadet Captain, H. Fraser; Cadet Lieutenants, W. Sharp, K. Kyrtsis, I. Henderson. N.C.O.'s:

W.O.1, W. Johnson; C.S.M., E. Eberts; C.Q.M.S., L. Scheib; Staff Sgt., T. Goodenough; Sergeants, J. de la Vergne, J. Trott, T. Hall, P. Duffield; Corporals, J. Roland, G. Eberts, R. Eakin, D. Robinson, D. Hallam, P. Smith, A. Hungerbuhler, P. Mackay, M. Pick, T. Rankin, D. Patriquin, J. Teare; Lance-Corporals, B. Badger, R. Bradshaw.



Left to Right: CADET J. HASTINGS, Best Recruit; CADET R. MUNRO, Best Cadet; CADET MAJOR J. MILETTE, Best Cadet Irrespective of Rank (Strathcona Medal); CADET R. JAMIESON, Best Cadet (Dual Award); CADET STAFF SGT. T. GOODENOUGH, Most Efficient N.C.O.

THE NEW ARTIFICIAL ICE—ALF RODELL CHANGES HIS TECHNIQUE



SENIOR FORMS, 1954-55

VIIIth FORM

DUFFIELD, PETER; 1952; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Sgt.; Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; Magazine Editor-in-Chief; 3rd Football Colours; 2nd Hockey Colours; 1st Ski Colours (Vice-Capt.); 2nd Cricket Colours; Track Team.

HALL, THOMAS; 1952; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Sgt.; Choir; Debating Society; Camera Club President; Magazine Photo Editor; 1st Football Team; Mohawk Hockey.

KYRTSIS, KYRO; 1952; Smith House; Head Prefect; Cadet Lieut.; Choir; Players' Club; 1st Football Colours; 2nd Ski Team; Track Team.

PICK, MICHAEL; 1948; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Cpl.; Debating Society; Players' Club; 2nd Ski Team.

PRESCOTT, THOMAS; 1954; School House; 1st Football Team; 1st Hockey Colours.

REIBMAYR, CHRISTOPHER; 1954; School House; 1st Football Team; 1st Hockey Colours.

SHARP, WILLIAM; 1949; Williams House; Head Prefect; Cadet Lieut.; Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; Magazine Business Manager; 2nd Football Colours; 2nd Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Team.

TEARE, JOHN; 1953; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; 1st Football Team; Abenakis Hockey (Capt.); 2nd Hockey Colours; Track Team (Vice-Capt.)

TROTT, JOHN; 1947; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Sgt.; Choir; Players' Club; 2nd Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Colours; Winner Senior Tennis Doubles.

VIth FORM

BADGER, BRYAN; 1947; Smith House; Cadet 1/Cpl.; Choir; Players' Club; Gym Team.

BAILEY, RUSSELL; 1949; Williams House; Server; Librarian; Players' Club; Camera Club; 1st Football Colours; Orphans Hockey Team; Track Team (Captain); 1st Senior Cross Country.

BLAKE, PATRICK; 1949; Smith House; Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; 3rd Football Colours (Captain); Orphans Hockey Team; 1st Cricket Colours.

CALL, MALCOLM; 1954; School House; 3rd Football Team; Orphan Hockey Team; Track Team.

CHOQUETTE, MICHEL; 1952; Williams House; Debating Society; Players' Club; Camera Club (Treasurer); Magazine Staff; Track Team; Gym Team.

COUSINS, ERNEST; 1954; School House; 1st Football Team; 3rd Hockey Team; Track Team.

DE LA VERGNE, JOHN; 1952; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Sgt.; Debating Society; 1st Football Colours; Orphans Hockey Team (Vice-Capt.); Track Team.

DEVER, JOHN; 1946; Williams House.

DIXON, HUGH; 1945; Williams House; Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; Camera Club; 1st Football Team; 2nd Hockey Colours; Track Team; Gym Team.

DONALD, JOHN; 1954; School House; Debating Society; 2nd Football Colours (Vice-Capt.); Abenakis Hockey Team (Vice-Capt.)

EAKIN, RICHARD; 1949; Williams House; Cadet Cpl.; Players' Club; Orphans Hockey Team.

EBERTS, EDMOND; 1951; Smith House; Prefect; Cadet Sgt. Maj.; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours (Capt.); Under XVI Cricket Colours (Capt.); Cleg-horn Cup.

FERGUSON, ROBERT; 1951; Smith House; Librarian; Players' Club.

FRASER, HUGH; 1949; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Capt.; Server; Debating Society; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Team; 1st Cricket Colours; Prep All-Round Championship; Intermediate All-Round Championship; 1st Junior Tennis Doubles.

GERHARDT, JAN; 1952; Smith House; 1st Football Team; Orphans Hockey Team.

GILLESPIE, THOMAS; 1950; Williams House; Head Boy; 3rd Football Colours; 1st Hockey Team; Under XVI Cricket Colours; 1st Junior Tennis Doubles.

GOODENOUGH, THOMAS; 1951; Williams House; Cadet Staff Sgt.; Debating Society; Players' Club; Camera Club; Orphans Hockey Team; N.C.O. Award.

GORDON, MICHAEL; 1953; Smith House; Debating Society (Team); Players' Club; 1st Football Colours (Vice-Capt.); 2nd Hockey Colours; Orphans Hockey Team (Vice-Capt.).

HARRIES, JOHN; 1954; School House; 2nd Football Team.

HENDERSON, IAN; 1952; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Lieut.; Debating Society (Treasurer); 1st Cricket Colours (Capt.); McAnulty Cup.

HUNGERBUHLER, ANTHONY; 1948; Williams House; Cadet Cpl.; Debating Society; 1st Football Team; Track Team.

JAMIESON, ROBERT; 1951; Williams House; 1st Football Team; 2nd Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Colours; Recruit Award; Cadet Award.

JOHNSON, WILLIAM; 1947; Williams House; Head Boy; Choir; Cadet W.O.1; 1st Football Team; 2nd Hockey Team; 1st Cricket Team; Prep All-Round Championship.

JUSTER, ROBERT; 1948; Smith House; 1st Ski Colours; Prep Whittall Cup.

KNIGHT, HENRY; 1954; School House; Choir; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours.

MACDOUGALL, REFORD; 1949; Chapman House; Server; Librarian; Debating Society (Pres.); Players' Club; Magazine Business Manager; 3rd Football Team; Orphans Hockey Team; Track Team.

MACKAY, PETER; 1949; Smith House; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; Librarian; Players' Club; 2nd Football Colours; 1st Hockey Team; 1st Cricket Colours; Junior All-Round Championship.

MCGREEVY, JEREMY; 1952; Smith House; Players' Club; Camera Club; Track Team.

MILETTE, JEAN; 1952; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Major; Choir; Debating Society; Players' Club; 1st Football Team; 1st Ski Colours (Capt.); Track Team; N.C.O. Award; Cadet Award; Senior Whittall Cup.

MUNRO, RICHARD; 1953; Chapman House; Camera Club; 3rd Football Team; 2nd Hockey Team; Cadet Award.

PARKER, GEORGE; 1954; School House; 3rd Football Team.

PATRIQUIN, DONALD; 1946; Williams House; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; Organist; Players' Club.

PERRY, DONALD; 1952; Smith House; Orphans Hockey Team; Track Team.

RILEY, JEREMY; 1949; Smith House; Choir; Players' Club. ROBINSON, DONALD; 1953; Smith House; Cadet Cpl.

ROLAND, JOHN; 1952; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Cpl.; Server; Debating Society (Secretary); Players' Club; Magazine Sports Editor; 1st Football Team; Abenakis Hockey; Track Team; 1st in Junior Cross Country; Junior Hurdles Record; Junior All-Round Championship; Rankin Trophy.

SCHEIB, LLOYD; 1945; Williams House; Cadet C.Q.M.S.; Choir.

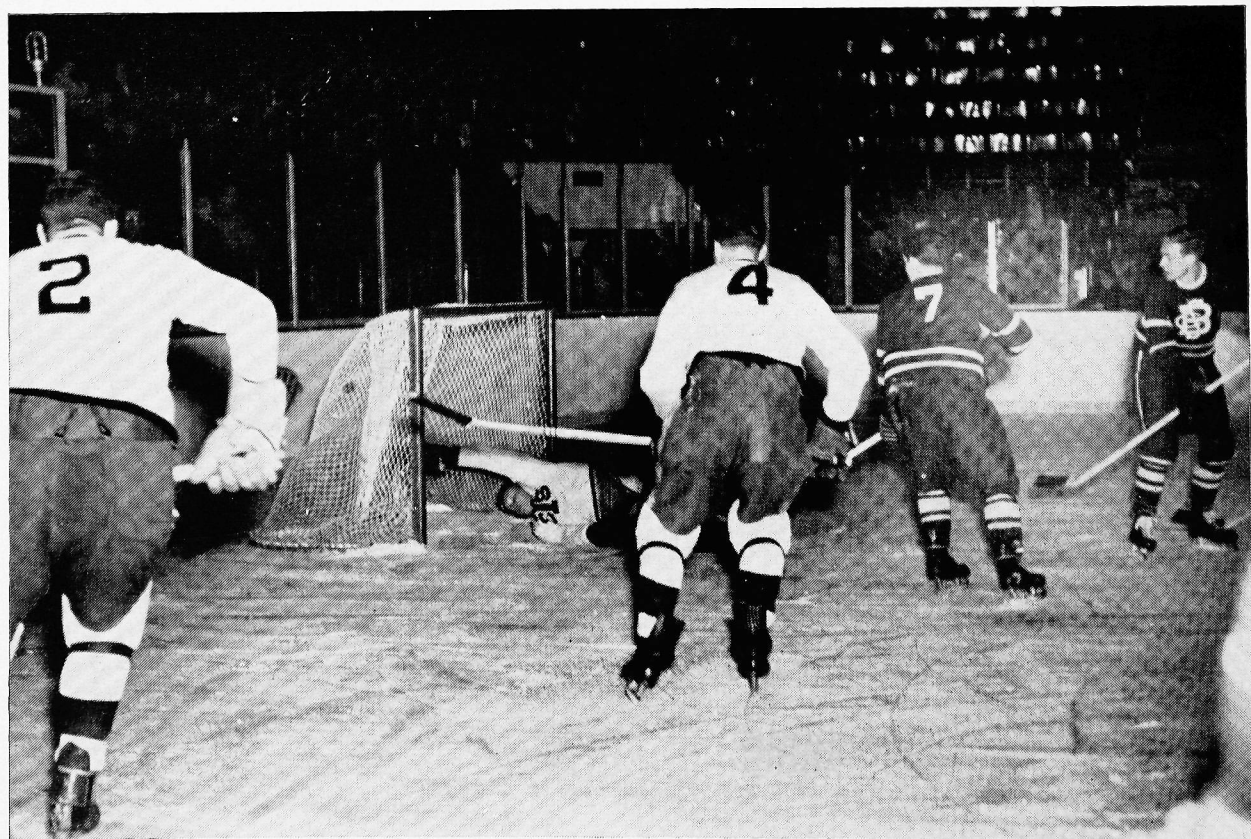
SHARP, ARNOLD; 1950; Chapman House; Cadet Drum Major; Choir; Server; Librarian; Debating Society (Secretary); Players' Club; Magazine Art Editor.

SMITH, PETER; 1950; Chapman House; Head Boy; Cadet Cpl.; Choir; Players' Club; 1st Ski Team; Track Team.

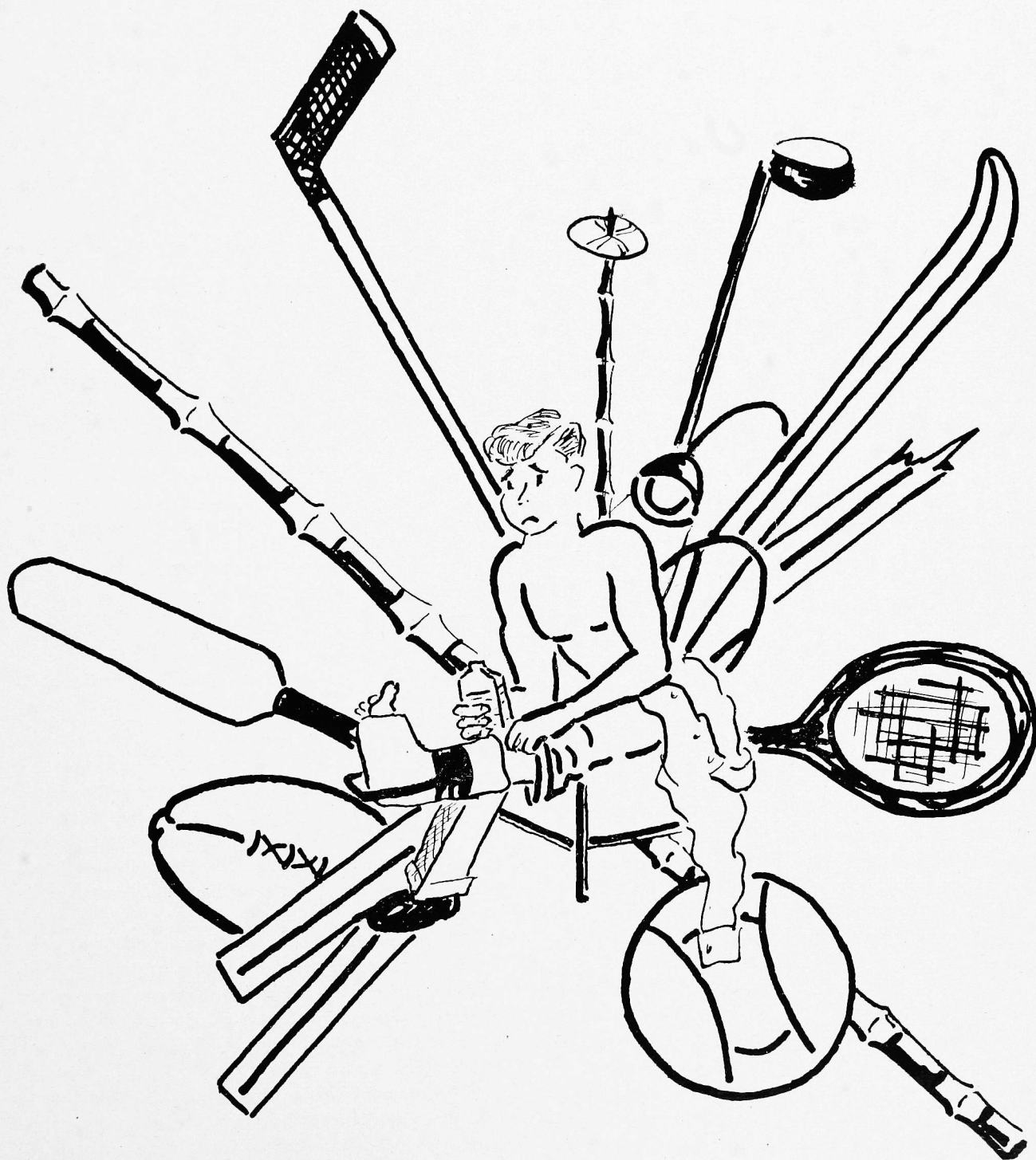
SOWARD, ROBERT; 1951; Smith House; Prefect; Choir; 1st Football Colours (Capt.); 1st Hockey Colours (Vice-Capt.); Under XVI Cricket Colours (Capt.); Track Team.

SYMONDS, ROBERT; 1953; Smith House; 1st Football Team; Orphans Hockey Team (Capt.).

WHITE, PETER; 1949; Chapman House; Choir; Head Server; Librarian; Debating Society (Vice-Pres.); Players' Club; Magazine Literary Editor; 1st Ski Colours.



SPORTS





FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1954

Front Row: J. MILETTE, R. ANDERSON, K. KYRTSIS, M. GORDON, R. SOWARD (Capt.), E. EBERTS, W. SHARP, P. HYNDMAN.

Second Row: T. PRESCOTT, J. DE LA VERGNE, A. HUNGERBUHLER, R. BAILEY, J. ROLAND, H. KNIGHT, H. DIXON, C. REIBMAYR.

Third Row: W. JOHNSON, R. SYMONDS, R. JAMIESON, H. FRASER, J. GERHARDT, P. MACKAY, J. TROTT.

Fourth Row: L. SCHEIB (Mgr.), E. COUSINS, T. HALL, E. MURTHA, J. TEARE, D. ROBINSON (Mgr.).

Fifth Row: E. PILGRIM, Esq., THE HEADMASTER.

FOOTBALL FOREWORD

At the first blush of retrospect there seemed little to enthuse over in the First Team's record this year. After all, we had won only five out of the nine games played and had been outscored on the total by our opponents for the first time in some years. In addition, we had been trounced by a strong Ashbury team at home, even though we had done rather better to hold the score down in the game at Ashbury.

A little reflection, however, brightened the retrospect. The School beat L.C.C. in Montreal to win the Shirley Russel Cup for the fourth year in succession. This, we believe, constitutes a record for B.C.S.

Then, too, it was an inexperienced and fairly young squad that greeted the coaches in September. Hopes rose after the first two games and perhaps we overestimated our strength. In any case, no criticism could be levelled

at lack of spirit. Possibly the most serious fault lay in a tendency to "blow sky high" at crucial periods in the game. While this was undoubtedly a mark of inexperience it was none the less unsettling and extremely difficult to combat. With the undefeated Second Crease team to draw upon and the hope of a nucleus from this year's squad, perhaps we can hope for happier results next year.

In other important games the School lost to the redoubtable Old Boys, who seemed to be entirely undaunted by the passing years, or for that matter any other factor. We defeated Stanstead quite handily at home 19 to 0, and won down there by a score of 8 to 1.

The Captain, Soward, awarded the Cleghorn Cup to his alert centre, Eberts I.

The Vice-captain, Gordon, was a tower of strength on the time bill injuries forced him to retire from play.

FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL MATCHES

LACHINE HIGH SCHOOL AT B.C.S., SEPTEMBER 26

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown on Reverse by Milette)
 2nd Quarter: No Score.
 3rd Quarter: Lachine 2 (Safety Touch)
 B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown on Pass, Anderson to Roland)
 4th Quarter: No Score.
 Final Score, B.C.S., 10, Lachine, 2.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 2.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 8 (Rouge by Johnson, Rouge by Johnson, Touchdown on Plunge by Hyndman, Convert by Trott).
 2nd Quarter: No Score.
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown on Pass by Roland, Convert by Trott)
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown on Pass by Bailey)
 Final Score, B.C.S. 19, Stanstead, 0.

ASHBURY COLLEGE AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 9.

1st Quarter: Ashbury 6 (Touchdown by Gamble, Convert by Rhodes)
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Milette, Convert by Trott)
 Ashbury 6 (Touchdown by Widdrington, Convert by Rhodes)
 3rd Quarter: Ashbury 6 (Touchdown by Bauer, Convert by Rhodes)
 4th Quarter: Ashbury 15 (Field Goal by Rhodes, Touchdown by Irwin, Convert by Rhodes, Touchdown by Rhodes (intercepted pass), Convert by Rhodes)
 Final Score, Ashbury 33, B.C.S. 6.

OLD BOYS' AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 11.

1st Quarter: Old Boys' 6 (Touchdown by T. Price, Convert by Molson on Lateral and Pass)
 2nd Quarter: No Score.
 3rd Quarter: Old Boys' 6 (Touchdown by D. Price, Convert by Molson on Lateral and Pass)
 B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Soward on Pass, Convert by Trott)
 4th Quarter: No Score.
 Final Score, Old Boys', 12, B.C.S., 6.

B.C.S. AT ASHBURY COLLEGE, OCTOBER 16.

1st Quarter: Ashbury 10 (Touchdown by Irwin, Touchdown by Irwin on interception pass)
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Fraser on intercepted lateral, Convert by Trott)

Ashbury 6 (Touchdown by Bauer on Plunge, Convert by Rhodes)
 3rd Quarter: No Score.
 4th Quarter: No Score.
 Final Score, Ashbury, 16, B.C.S., 6.

B.C.S. AT QUEBEC HIGH SCHOOL, OCTOBER 23.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 13 (Rouge by Johnson, Touchdown by Hyndman, Convert by Trott, Touchdown by Soward, Convert by Trott)
 2nd Quarter: Quebec 5 (Touchdown)
 3rd Quarter: No Score.
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 10 (Touchdown by Soward on Pass, Touchdown by Milette)
 Quebec 5 (Touchdown)
 Final Score: B.C.S., 23, Quebec High School, 10.

B.C.S. AT L.C.C., OCTOBER 30.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Trott, Convert by Anderson on Drop-Kick)
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Johnson)
 3rd Quarter: L.C.C. 6 (Touchdown and Convert)
 B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown by Hyndman)
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Johnson)
 L.C.C. 5 (Touchdown)
 Final Score: B.C.S., 13, L.C.C., 11.

B.C.S. AT STANSTEAD COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 3.

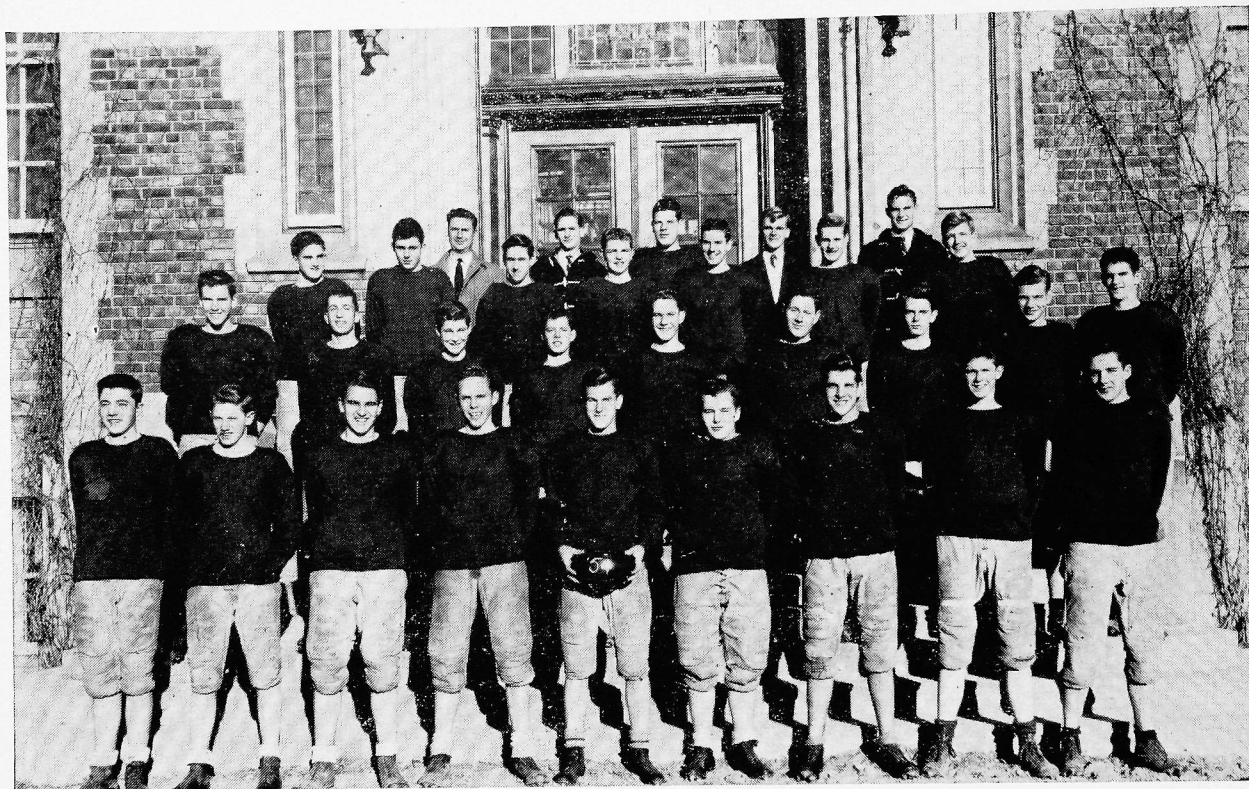
1st Quarter: Stanstead 1 (Rouge)
 B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Johnson)
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Trott)
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Johnson)
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown by Soward)
 Final Score: B.C.S., 8, Stanstead, 1.

ST. JOHNSBURY ACADEMY AT B.C.S.

NOVEMBER 6, 1954
 (American Rules)

1st Quarter: St. Johnsbury 6 (Touchdown by Lawson)
 2nd Quarter: St. Johnsbury 6 (Touchdown by Gervais)
 B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Milette)
 3rd Quarter: St. Johnsbury 12 (Touchdown by Gervais, Touchdown by Hayes on B.C.S. fumble)
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 7 (Touchdown by Soward on Pass, Convert by Anderson on Plunge)
 Final Score: St. Johnsbury 24, B.C.S., 13.
 1955 Season Summary: Won 5, Lost 4; Points for—104, Points against, 112.

J. ROLAND, (Form M VI)



SECOND CREASE FOOTBALL, 1954

Front Row: S. OLAND, D. CONYERS, W. CLOUGH, J. DONALD, S. MOLSON (Capt.), R. JUDGE, J. DALGLISH, T. GILLESPIE.
Second Row: G. EBERTS, R. MACDOUGALL, M. CALL, G. BLADON, J. McLERNON, G. PARKER, L. KORAEN, H. PRESCOTT, G. LUTFY.
Third Row: M. BYERS, P. McLAGAN, P. JOHNSTON, R. MILLER, R. MUNRO, D. HAMILTON, B. BIGNELL.
Fourth Row: H. DOHENY, Esq., R. BRADSHAW (Mgr.), M. PICK, F. WANKLYN (Mgr.), S. ARBUCKLE (Mgr.).

SECOND CREASE FOOTBALL

LEAGUE GAMES

Sherbrooke High School at B.C.S.	Won, 17-0
Stanstead College at B.C.S.	Won, 26-0
B.C.S. at Stanstead College	Won, 10-0
B.C.S. at Sherbrooke High School	Tied, 17-17

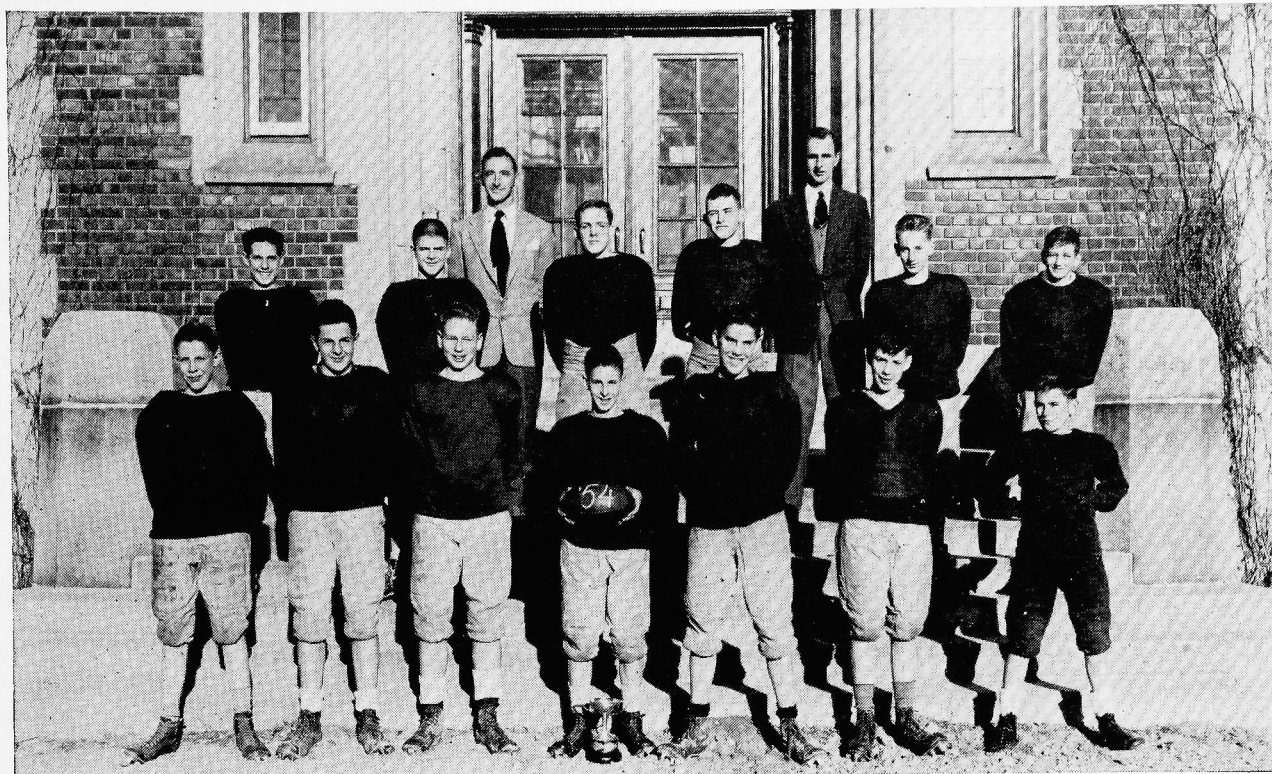
EXHIBITION GAMES

Lennoxville High School at B.C.S.	Won, 18-0
Lennoxville High School at B.C.S.	Won, 32-12

ASHBURY SERIES

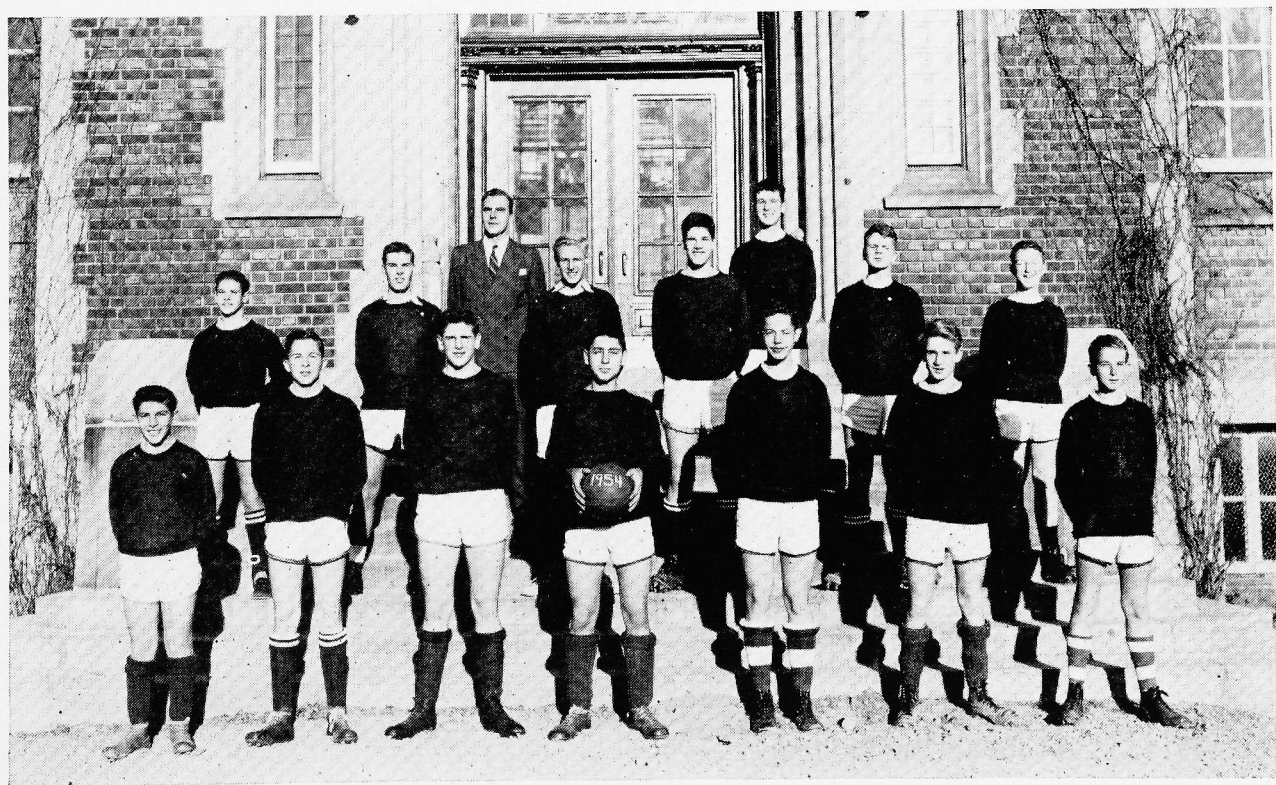
Ashbury College at B.C.S.	Tied, 6-6
B.C.S. at Ashbury College	Won, 17-12
1955 Season Summary: Won 6, Lost 0, Tied 2; Points for, 143; Points against, 47.	

H. PRESCOTT, (Form IV A)



THIRD FOOTBALL CREASE CHAMPIONS, 1954

Front Row: N. BROWN, C. MEJIA, B. BADGER, M. HUBAND (Capt.), M. LANDSBERG, P. CUMYN, R. SHARP.
Second Row: R. SMITH, P. WEBB, G. LEACH, T. GOODENOUGH, J. MCNEILL, D. BOSWELL.
Third Row: R. OWEN, ESQ., A. CAMPBELL, ESQ.



SOCCER TEAM, 1954

Front Row: G. HANNA, T. MATTHEWS, P. DUFFIELD, F. CHONCHOL (Capt.), M. BELL, D. MCNEILL, J. CLARKE.
Second Row: T. RANKIN, I. HENDERSON, W. SEWELL, J. RILEY, D. POLLOCK, J. PENHALE.
Third Row: Rev. H. FORSTER, D. HYMAN.



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1955

Front Row: H. KNIGHT, S. MOLSON, R. SOWARD, E. EBERTS (Capt.), R. ANDERSON, T. PRESCOTT, T. GILLESPIE.

Second Row: H. FRASER, P. HYNDMAN, J. TROTT, C. REIBMAYR, D. HALLAM, P. MACKAY.

Third Row: THE HEADMASTER, D. ROBINSON (Mgr.), L. SCHEIB (Mgr.), G. WIGGETT, Esq.

HOCKEY FOREWORD

It was a big year in B.C.S. hockey. First, we had more hockey than ever before—the artificial surface was skated in on November 6th; we played more games,—almost one hundred; we played all our traditional rivals, Ashbury, Deerfield, L.C.C. and T.C.S., and only once, in the long season from November till late March, were we unable to use the ice.

Naturally, the big excitement was the artificial freezing plant. Along with it came numerous other improvements in the Rink, such as a new drainage system, new screening (gift of two Old Boys), upright lockers, and more convenience in the dressing rooms. The man-made ice was an unqualified success, and though we were told not to expect an improvement in form in the first season, a large number of boys played better hockey than was expected, and the general balance was healthily on the credit side.

We were very glad to see Mr. Wiggett beside the bench again; to welcome a fine group of Deerfield boys and men with an authentic Canadian weekend which nearly made them prisoners of sport; to tie a strong T.C.S. team at the Forum; to take a classic 2-1 win over Ashbury at the Minto Rink, and to see the A.O.B.A. cup back on its shelf in the Dining Room.

Minor hockey produced some magnificent games. Though we still lacked the speed to take the Midget

section, Mohawks rose from the mat and made the best showing ever in the Q.M.H.A., proving that we have at length achieved depth in the Second Team class. The 'Hawks rate a hearty whoop for their determined efforts, and the Second Team colours awarded to several of their braves acknowledged their worth on the warpath.

Bantams won the E. T. crown again, and, for a period at least, held the Montreal Bantam titlists in a most interesting exhibition game at Rock Island. Previously, we have had no such yardstick as an intersectional game to measure the real strength of the thirteen-year-olds.

Prep Iroquois won the Sherbrooke County title, but lost the E. T. Pee Wee championship to Beebe, by a single goal.

Consensus of opinion, on Eastern Townships Hockey Day at Rock Island, was that the PeeWee division has finally arrived as a real power in the Townships region. The District Convenor considered that the standard of this division is now equal to that of Bantam hockey several years back. This indicates, obviously, an even better grade of the game in future years. We at B.C.S. have pioneered in this age-group, and with diligence, enthusiasm, self-discipline and cooperative spirit, we should be able to justify the generosity of those friends who made such great contributions to B.C.S. hockey in 1954-55.

FIRST TEAM MATCHES

DEERFIELD ACADEMY AT B.C.S.

FEBRUARY 12TH.

1st Period: B.C.S. 2. Molson (Prescott), Eberts (Fraser)

2nd Period: B.C.S. 3. Prescott (Soward, Anderson), Hallam (Prescott, Molson) Soward (Fraser, Eberts)

Deerfield 1. Hardin (Unassisted)

B.C.S. 1. Molson (Hallam, Prescott)

Deerfield 1. Duclos (Hobart, Marcellus)

3rd Period: B.C.S. 3. Fraser (Reibmayr, Anderson) Soward (unassisted) Soward (Fraser, Anderson)

Penalties: B.C.S. 3, Eberts, Soward, Fraser.

Final Score, B.C.S. 9, Deerfield 2.

B.C.S. vs TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL IN MONTREAL

FEBRUARY 19TH.

1st Period: T.C.S., Long (Hall)

B.C.S., Anderson (Eberts)

T.C.S., Long (unassisted)

T.C.S., Budge (unassisted)

2nd Period: B.C.S., Soward (Reibmayr)

T.C.S., Donald (Hyland)

B.C.S., Anderson (Fraser, Trott)

B.C.S., Anderson (Fraser, Soward)

3rd Period: B.C.S., Soward (Anderson)

T.C.S., Long (Osler)

B.C.S., Anderson (Molson, Prescott)

T.C.S., Long (Hall, Osler)

B.C.S., Soward (Anderson)

T.C.S., Seagram (Budge, Winnett)

Penalties: None.

Final Score: B.C.S. 7, T.C.S. 7.

B.C.S. AT ASHBURY COLLEGE

FEBRUARY 26TH.

1st Period: No Score.

2nd Period: No Score.

3rd Period: Ashbury, Grogan (Beavers)

B.C.S., Soward (Trott)

B.C.S., Hallam (Prescott)

Penalties: Ashbury, 1, Beavers.

Final Score: B.C.S. 2, Ashbury 1.

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE AT B.C.S.

MARCH 5TH.

1st Period: L.C.C., 1. Cummings (Brown)

2nd Period: No Score.

3rd Period: B.C.S., 1, Soward (Anderson)

Penalties: B.C.S., 1, Hyndman.

Final Score: B.C.S., 1, L.C.C. 1.

OTHER FIRST TEAM GAMES

November 30. Sherbrooke Juniors at B.C.S., Lost 3-4.

December 4. College Militaire Royale at B.C.S., Lost 0-7.

January 17. Sherbrooke Nationals at B.C.S., Lost 4-7.

January 22. Old Boys (Molsoners) at B.C.S., Won 5-3.

January 25. St. Jean Baptiste at B.C.S., Lost 2-4.

January 29. B.C.S. at Stanstead College, Lost 4-11.

February 1. Lennoxville Independents at B.C.S., Won 10-1.

February 5. Old Boys (Gray-McMaster) at B.C.S., Won 4-2.

February 8. Ecole Superieure de Sherbrooke at B.C.S., Won 7-2.

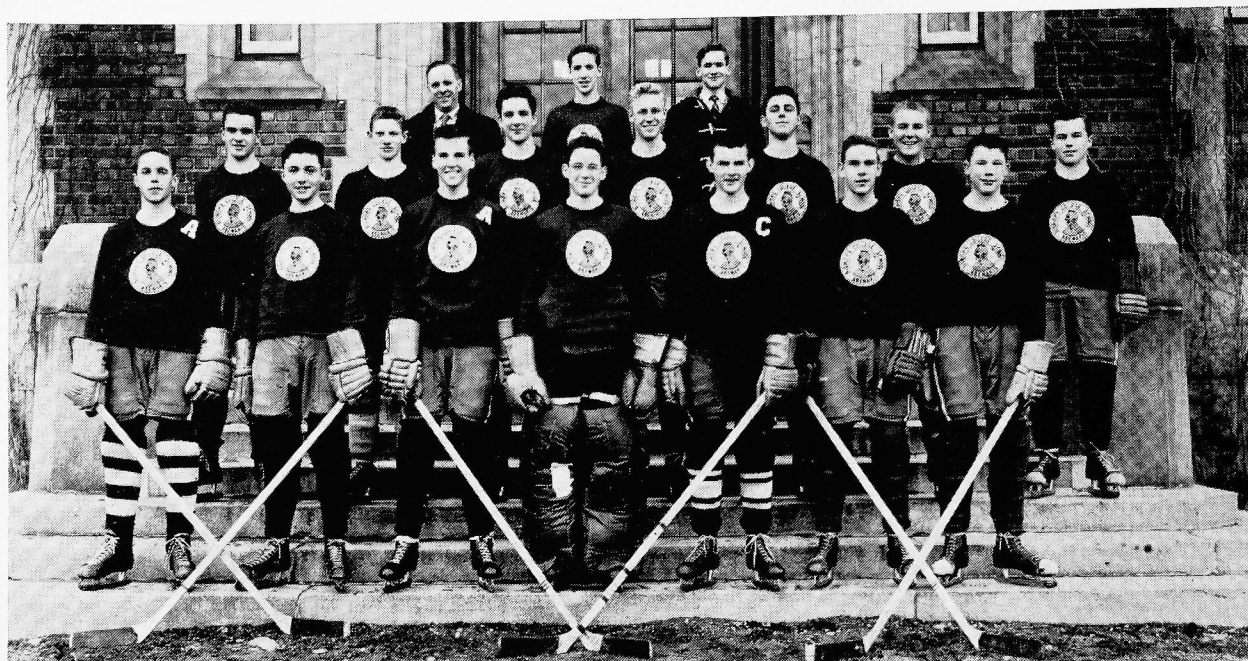
February 15. Carnegie Midgets at B.C.S., Won 10-2.

March 11. Stanstead College at B.C.S., Tied 5-5.

Summary: Won 7, Lost 5, Tied 3; Goals for 73; against, 59.

SCORING SUMMARY

	Goals	Assists	Points		Goals	Assists	Points
Eberts	3	9	12	Fraser	5	6	11
Reibmayr	3	4	7	Hyndman	6	0	6
Mackay	0	2	2	Molson	15	12	27
Trott	0	7	7	Prescott	8	16	24
Soward	14	18	32	Hallam	7	10	17
Anderson	12	16	28	Total	73	100	173



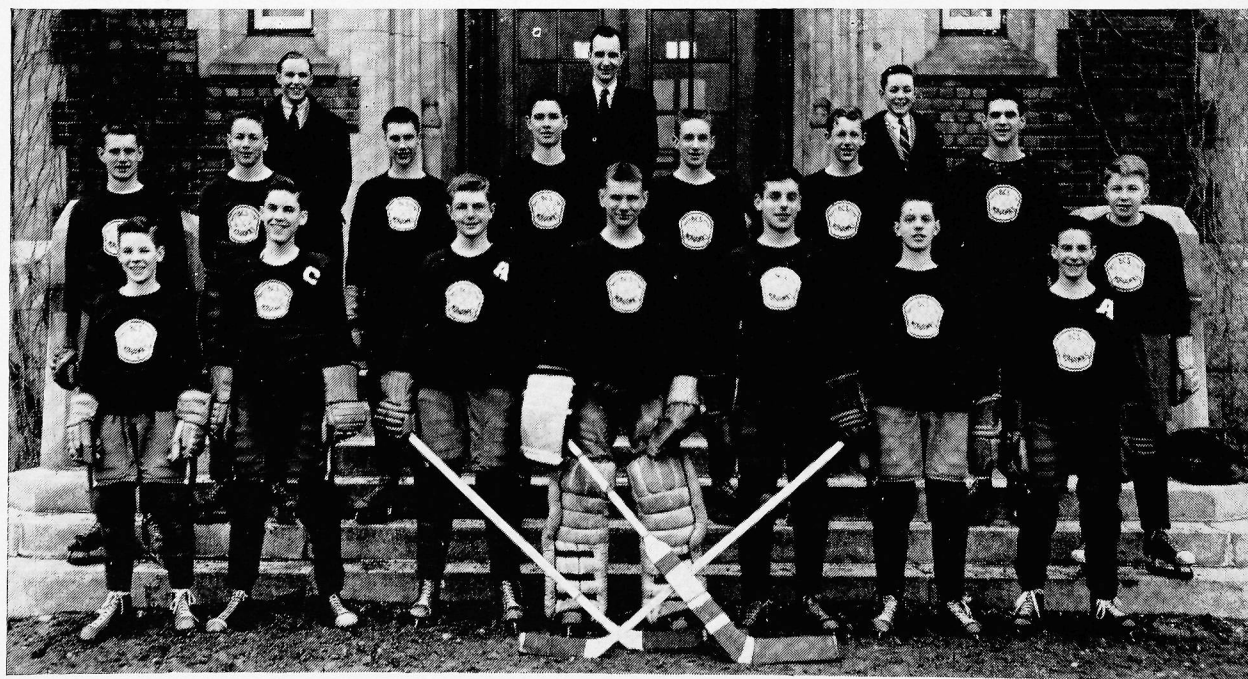
ABENAKIS HOCKEY TEAM, 1955

Won 7, Lost 6, Tied 0.

Front Row: J. DONALD, S. OLAND, G. EBERTS, H. MILLAR, J. TEARE (Capt.), K. DRYSDALE, P. MITCHELL.

Second Row: W. CLOUGH, D. CONYERS, B. SHARP, W. SEWELL, P. McLAGAN, J. HASTINGS, R. JUDGE.

Third Row: G. PATRIQUIN, Esq., P. JOHNSTON, R. BRADSHAW (Mgr.).



MOHAWKS HOCKEY TEAM, 1955

Won 8, Lost 6, Tied 3.

Front Row: D. COBURN, M. LANDSBERG (Capt.), R. MILLER, H. PRESCOTT, J. ALEXANDER, G. BLADON, M. HUBAND.

Second Row: D. HAMILTON, B. BADGER, D. HESLOP, P. GALLOP, D. McNEILL, M. McMASTER, G. LUTFY, P. MATTHEWS.

Third Row: W. BRAINERD (Mgr.), A. CAMPBELL, Esq., E. HAWKEN (Mgr.).



ORPHANS HOCKEY TEAM, 1955

Won 4, Lost 4, Tied 1.

Front Row: D. PERRY, W. JOHNSON, M. GORDON, R. SYMONDS (Capt.), E. MURTHA, H. DIXON, T. GOODENOUGH.

Second Row: J. DEVER (Mgr.), R. MACDOUGALL, M. CALL, D. EKE, L. KORAEN, R. JAMIESON, R. MUNRO.

Third Row: J. DALGLISH, W. SHARP, S. ABBOTT, Esq., P. BLAKE, J. GERHARDT, S. ARBUCKLE (Mgr.).



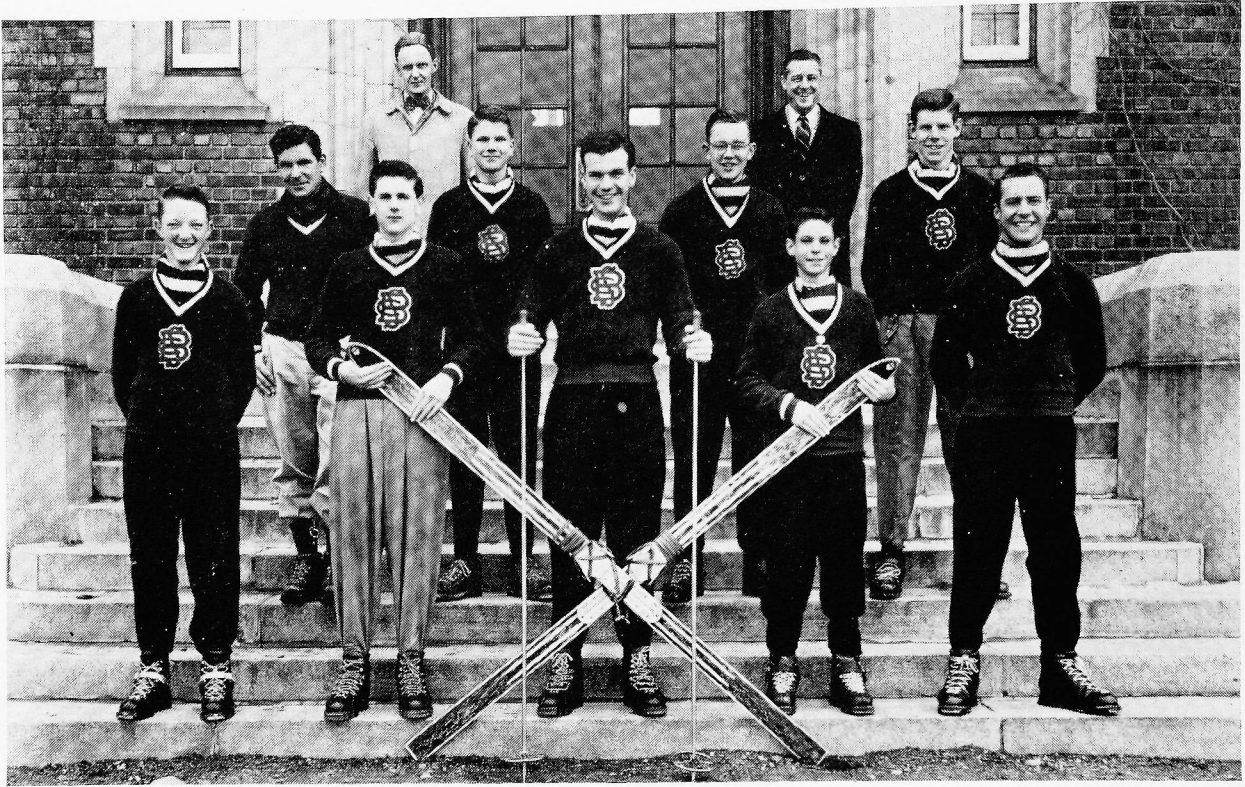
BANTAMS HOCKEY TEAM, 1955

Won 11, Lost 1, Tied 0.

Front Row: J. COLLYER, J. McLERNON, M. BYERS (Capt.), R. SMITH, G. JOHNSTON, D. LITTLE, N. WEBSTER.

Second Row: R. SHARP, P. GILLESPIE, J. McNEILL, J. MEAKINS, A. PACAUD, F. BAILLIE.

Third Row: G. BAKER (Mgr.), M. ALEXANDER, E. PILGRIM, Esq., C. HART, P. CUMYN (Mgr.).



SKI TEAM, 1955

Front Row: J. PENHALE, P. DUFFIELD, J. MILETTE (Capt.), T. RANKIN, R. JUSTER.

Second Row: F. MOLNAR, ESQ., D. POLLOCK, P. WHITE, P. SMITH.

Third Row: L. EVANS, ESQ., THE HEADMASTER.

SKIING

1955 brought us the best skiing conditions we have had in years, and the most unsuccessful season in competition.

The Triangle Meet, held this year under L.C.C. auspices at Mt. Tremblant, left our team in third place, Ashbury winning the Cochand Trophy, and Frosst of L.C.C. the Price Trophy.

We made a better showing the following week in the Redbirds—sponsored meet at St. Sauveur, placing sixth among ten schools in the combined results. This meet too was won by Ashbury, and we congratulate them on their magnificent showing. Milette and Rankin won Jack Rabbit pins.

Looking to future seasons, while we may be somewhat handicapped in our downhill practice by local topography, there is no reason why we cannot compete on a par with other teams in slalom and cross-country. Future teams must be prepared to practise longer and harder for these events, and to stand the cost of the special equipment required.

First team colours were won by: J. Milette (captain), P. Duffield (Assistant captain), T. Penhale, T. Rankin, Second team colours: R. Juster, D. Pollock, P. Smith, P. White. The Whittall Cup was won by J. Milette, and the Senior Porteous Cup by B. Bignell. The Junior Porteous Cup was not awarded.



FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1955

Front Row: M. BELL (Scorer).

Second Row: E. MURTHA, P. MACKAY, H. FRASER, I. HENDERSON (Capt.), J. TROTT, R. JAMIESON, P. BLAKE.

Third Row: E. PILGRIM, ESQ., B. THOMAS, ESQ., J. DONALD, T. GILLESPIE, E. EBERTS, W. SHARP, W. JOHNSON, S. MOLSON, THE HEADMASTER.

FIRST CRICKET XI FIXTURES

CHAIRMAN'S XI AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY MAY 14TH.

Sharp, W. l.b.w. Mr. Thomas	3
Molson c. Powell b. Mr. Thomas	0
Fraser b. Mr. Brasier	65
Jamieson c. Mr. Glass b. Mr. Thomas	49
Henderson Retired	19
Donald Not Out	11
Trott c. Mr. D. Doheny b. Mr. Penton	1
Blake stumped b. Mr. Penton	0
Eberts 1 Not Out	1
Mackay	
Murtha I. } Did not bat.	
Johnson I. }	
Gillespie }	
Extras	19

Mr. Powell c.b. Henderson	11
Mr. Hart b. Henderson	8
Mr. Brasier b. Mackay	25
Mr. Penton c. Murtha b. Mackay	6
Mr. B. Mitchell l.b.w. Mackay	0
Mr. Thomas b. Mackay	16
Mr. Doheny Hit Wicket b. Donald	0
Mr. Mackay b. Donald	0
Mr. Webster b. Johnson	8
Mr. McMaster c. Jamieson b. Mackay	0
Mr. Davis b. Mackay	0
Mr. McNeill b. Mackay	0
Mr. Glass Not Out	9
Mr. Justice Mitchell l.b.w. Henderson	1
Extras	10

168

Won By B.C.S. By 74 Runs and Four Wickets.

94

ASHBURY COLLEGE 1ST XI AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY MAY 21ST.

Molson b. Eastwood	31
Murtha b. Eastwood	1
Fraser c. Kilally b. Baer	16
Mackay Hit Wicket b. Baer	1
Henderson b. Eastwood	0
Jamieson Run Out	1
Donald b. Baer	8
Blake b. Eastwood	0
Trott b. Baer	12
Sharp c. Kamcke b. Beavers	9
Eberts c. Pennington b. Eastwood	11
Johnson Not Out	16
Extras	5

111

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Eastwood...	23	4	46	5	9.2
Beavers.....	11	2	31	1	31
Baer.....	11	4	29	4	7.25

B.C.S. 1ST XI AT ASHBURY COLLEGE

SATURDAY MAY 28TH.

Eastwood b. Mackay	22
Kamcke b. Henderson	4
Killaly c. Jamieson b. Henderson	3
Baer c. Trott b. Henderson	25
Brown b. Henderson	0
Rhodes c. Trott b. Fraser	2
Wells c. Henderson b. Fraser	4
Beavers b. Fraser	0
Pennington cb. Henderson	0
Devine c. Jamieson b. Henderson	0
McNulty Not Out	0
Kemp c. Fraser b. Fraser	1
Extras	4

65

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Henderson..	12	3	24	6	4.0
Fraser.....	12	4	13	4	3.25
Donald.....	6	1	13	—	—
Mackay....	6	2	11	1	11.0

MONTREAL WANDERERS C.C. AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30TH.

B.C.S. FIRST XI: 82, WANDERERS: 56

WON BY B.C.S. BY 26 RUNS

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY AT B.C.S.

WEDNESDAY MAY 4TH.

B.C.S. 1ST XI: 113, BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY 102

WON BY B.C.S. BY 11 RUNS

Eastwood l.b.w. Fraser	45
Kamcke b. Fraser	1
Killaly b. Mackay	5
Baer b. Donald	35
Brown b. Donald	6
Rhodes b. Mackay	17
Beavers b. Fraser	6
Pennington b. Henderson	1
Devine c. Jamieson b. Mackay	10
Kemp b. Mackay	0
McNulty Not Out	5
Clarke b. Mackay	5
Extras	13

149

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Henderson..	16	2	46	1	46
Fraser.....	16	4	34	3	11.3
Mackay....	9	3	15	5	3.
Johnson....	5	1	19	—	—
Donald.....	4	1	15	2	7.5

Won By Ashbury By 38 Runs.

Molson b. Eastwood	12
Sharp b. Eastwood	2
Fraser Retired	55
Jamieson c. McNulty b. Eastwood	33
Donald b. Beavers	4
Henderson c. Baer b. Beavers	3
Mackay Run Out	5
Trott Not Out	15
Johnson b. Rhodes	5
Murtha c. b. Eastwood	1
Blake c. Baer b. Beavers	15
Eberts l.b.w. Eastwood	1
Extras	14

165

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Eastwood...	29	9	65	5	15.
Beavers.....	17	3	33	3	11.
Baer.....	9	3	38	—	—
Wells.....	1	—	4	—	—
Rhodes.....	2	—	11	1	11.

Won By B.C.S. 1st XI By 100 Runs.

OLD BOYS' AT B.C.S.

SATURDAY MAY 7TH.

B.C.S. 1ST XI: 137 FOR 8—OLD BOYS': 42

WON BY B.C.S. BY 95 RUNS AND 3 WICKETS

MONTREAL ADASTRIAN C.C. AT B.C.S.

MONDAY MAY 23RD.

RAINED OUT



UNDER XVI CRICKET TEAM, 1955

Won and Drew vs. Ashbury

Front Row: W. BRAINERD, G. BLADON, M. HUBAND, S. OLAND (Capt.), T. RANKIN, M. McMASTER, R. MILLER.

Second Row: H. DOHENY, Esq., P. GALLOP, H. MILLAR, B. SHARP, G. EBERTS, W. SEWELL, P. MITCHELL, H. PRESCOTT.

SQUASH

On the week end of March 19th and 20th the Annual Invitation Squash Tournament was held at the School. John Foy of the Montreal Badminton and Squash Club was the winner of the Grant Trophy, and Hugh Hallward, of the same club, was the runner-up.

In the Consolation Tournament the players were

B.C.S. boys who had had the privilege of playing in the first round of the main tournament and who had been defeated by the adult experts. This tournament was won by Peter Gallop, with Michael McMaster the runner-up.

The School is grateful to the Old Boys for their work and interest in the organization of this tournament.

J. ROLAND, (Form M VI)

THE CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country race was run this year on a typically damp, gray day. There was a record-tying entry of 71 in the Senior section.

Chapman House won the Senior shield, as usual, but the individual winner was Russell Bailey of Williams House, coming in with the fourth fastest time since the new course was sent in 1941. For his performance he won the Boswell Cup. He was 36 seconds short of the record set by J. S. Redpath last year at 27 minutes, 59 seconds. Bailey, wearing the red of Williams House, was followed by a flood of gold sweaters from Chapman House and an occasional green one from Smith House. This was the eighth time in the last nine years that Chapman House won the team competition and to do so they placed six men in the first ten. Smith House came second.

A newcomer to the School, Kevin Drysdale, won the Junior race, heading a field of 37 entries. He captured the Heneker Cup in doing so. The record for this race

is held by L. O. Bailey, Russ Bailey's brother, and was set in 1950 at 22 minutes, 23 seconds.

"C" Dormitory, headed by David Coburn, won the Junior shield for the second time, just edging out "A" Dormitory.

The first ten in each race were as follows:

Senior	Time	Junior	Time
Bailey	28' 35"	Drysdale	23' 37"
Hamilton	29' 19"	McNeill I	23' 43"
Koraen	29' 20"	Holman	24' 00"
Trott	29' 31"	Coburn	24' 27"
Henderson	29' 40"	Meakins	24' 38"
Eberts I	29' 48"	Webster	25' 01"
Anderson	29' 58"	Chisholm	25' 13"
MacDougall	29' 59"	Boswell	25' 35"
Roland	30' 16"	Sewell	25' 41"
Duffield	30' 16"	Johnston II	25' 43"

J. ROLAND, (Form M VI)



TRACK TEAM, 1955

Eastern Townships Interscholastic Champions

Front Row: J. CLARKE, W. WATSON, M. AYRE, D. McLERNON, K. JAMIESON, C. MACPHERSON, T. JESSOP.

Second Row: W. CURRIE, Esq., J. ROLAND, G. JOHNSTON, R. BAILEY (Capt.), THE HEADMASTER, J. DE LA VERGNE, P. SMITH, F. WANKLYN, S. ABBOTT, Esq.

Third Row: D. BADGER, F. BAILLIE, D. HYMAN, A. HUNGERBUHLER, P. DUFFIELD, R. SOWARD, F. CHONCHOL, H. DIXON, M. BYERS, D. HAMILTON, J. TEARE (Vice-Capt.), J. MCGREEVY, T. HALL, M. ALEXANDER, J. McLERNON.

Fourth Row: M. CHOQUETTE, D. CONYERS, W. CLOUGH, K. KYRTSIS, E. COUSINS, P. BAKER, D. PERRY, R. MACDOUGALL, M. CALL.

TRACK

The Eastern Townships Track and Field Meet sponsored by the Y's Men's Club of Sherbrooke was held on May 21st. A record number of entries highlighted a beautiful day. The School entered a team of thirty, including a welcome delegation of seven from the Prep School. With complete representation in all classes, the School went on to win the Skinner Trophy with a total of 82 points, 13 ahead of Stanstead College, last year's winner.

Grant Johnston was top scorer on the team, and broke

the Junior 220 record, and tied the 75 yard record. He won the Inspector J. H. Hunter Trophy as top individual point-getter in his class. Fred Wanklyn broke the record in the 440 yard run, and anchored a record-breaking open mile relay team. Another important win was the open 880 yard relay. This is the first year that the School has made such an onslaught on the records in this meet, and the team and its coaches, Captain Abbott and Mr. Currie, are to be congratulated.

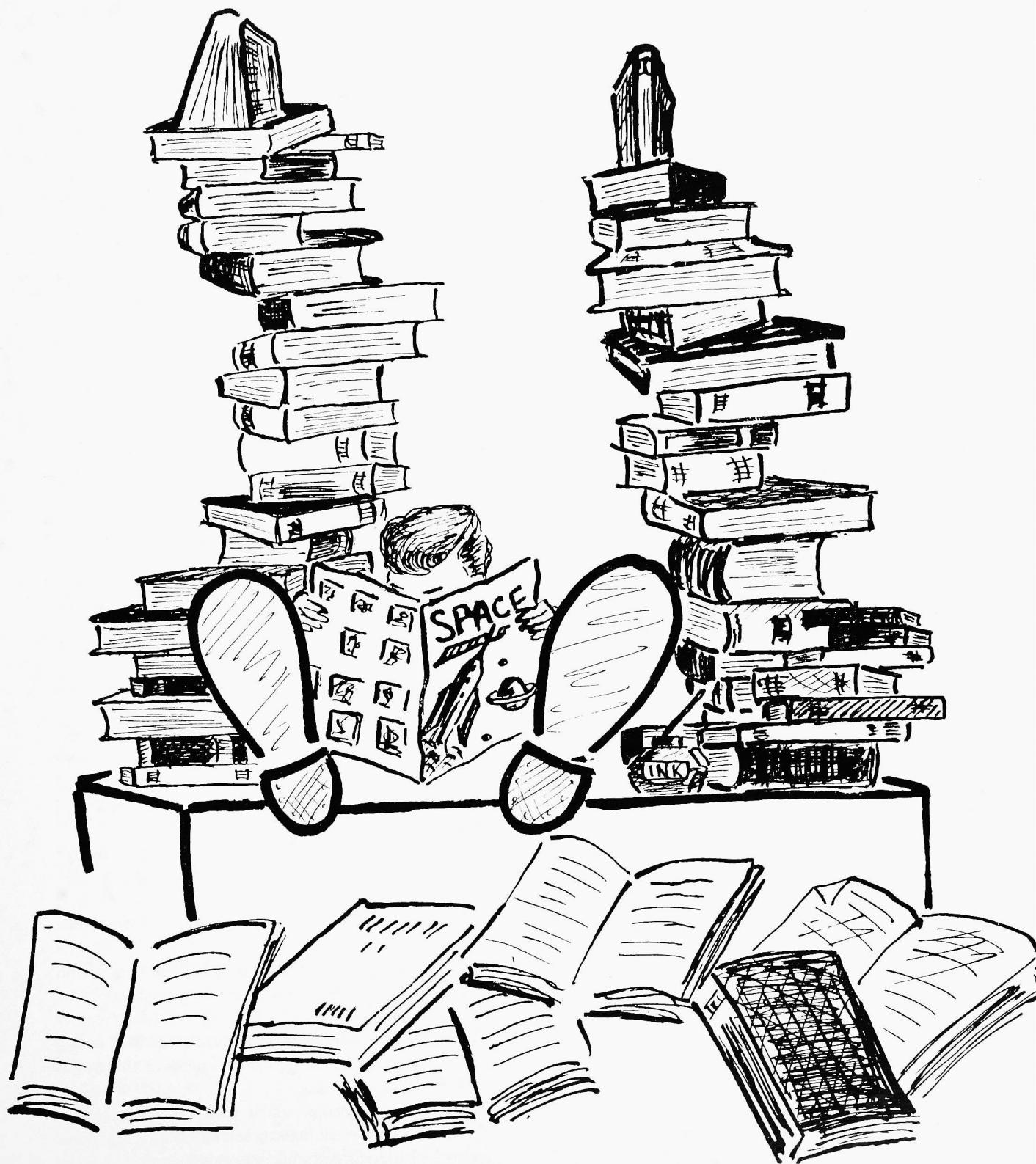
J. ROLAND, (Form M VI)

PRIZE LIST, 1955

SENIOR:	100 Yards (The Balfour Cup).....	1. H. Dixon	2. J. de la Vergne
	220 Yards (The Molson Medal).....	1. J. de la Vergne	2. H. Dixon
	440 Yards (Open) (The Senator White Challenge Cup).....	1. J. Roland	2. F. Wanklyn
	Hurdles.....	1. P. Smith	2. J. de la Vergne
	High Jump.....	1. J. de la Vergne	2. H. Dixon
	Broad Jump (The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. H. Dixon	2. J. de la Vergne
	Shot Put (Open).....	1. J. Milette	2. J. Roland
	Discus (Open).....	1. J. Milette	2. J. Roland
	Pole Vault (Open).....	1. D. Conyers	2. J. McGreevy
	Cricket Ball Throw (Open) (The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. W. Johnson	2. F. Wanklyn
	Half Mile (Open) (The Allan Challenge Cup).....	1. F. Wanklyn	2. R. Bailey
	Mile Run (Open) (The Kaulbach Medal).....	1. R. Bailey	2. P. Mackay
	INTERMEDIATE:	100 Yards (The Janner Challenge Trophy).....	1. F. Chonchol
220 Yards.....		1. D. Hamilton	2. F. Chonchol
Hurdles.....		1. J. Roland (New Record)	2. A. Hungerbuhler
High Jump.....		1. J. Roland	2. A. Hungerbuhler
Broad Jump.....		1. J. Roland	2. R. Soward
JUNIOR:	100 Yards.....	1. G. Johnston	2. M. Byers
	220 Yards.....	1. G. Johnston	2. M. Byers
	Hurdles.....	1. G. Johnston	2. J. Baird
	High Jump.....	1. G. Johnston	2. P. Mitchell
	Broad Jump.....	1. G. Johnston	2. M. Byers
SISTER'S RACE.....		1. Susan Sharp	2. Nancy Roland
OLD BOYS' RACE.....		1. T. Ashworth	2. J. Pratt
THREE LEGGED RACE.....		1. J. Roland and J. de la Vergne	
		2. J. Milette and G. Rankin	
DORMITORY RELAYS:	Senior Dorm Relay (Tuckshop Cup).....	1. Chapman House	2. School House
	Junior Dorm Relay (The Tuckshop Cup).....	1. "C" Dormitory	2. "D" Dormitory
TENNIS:	Senior Singles.....	R. Jamieson	
	Senior Doubles.....	R. Jamieson and P. Duffield	
	Junior Singles.....	P. Gallop	
	Junior Doubles.....	M. Huband and H. Millar	
SHOOTING:	The McA'Nulty Cup.....	I. Henderson	
SQUASH:	Senior Championship.....	H. Fraser	
	Junior Championship.....	M. McMaster	
RUGBY:	The Cleghorn Cup.....	E. Eberts	
SKIING:	The Senior Whittall Cup.....	J. Milette	
	The Senior Porteous Cup.....	B. Bignell	
	The Junior Porteous Cup.....	Not Awarded	
CRICKET:	Batting Average.....	H. Fraser	
	Bowling Average.....	P. Mackay	
	Bat for Scoring more than 50 in a School Match...	H. Fraser	

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL:	100 Yards Challenge Cup.....	1. M. Ayre	2. G. Gay
	220 Yards (The Price Challenge Cup).....	1. M. Ayre	2. T. Jessop
	50 Yards (Under 12).....	1. K. Jamieson	2. D. McLernon
	50 Yards (Under 11).....	1. D. McLernon	2. M. Harris
	50 Yards (Under 10).....	1. R. Macdonald	2. M. Rowat
	Hurdles.....	1. M. Ayre	2. J. Clarke
	High Jump.....	1. M. Ayre	2. K. Jamieson
	Broad Jump.....	1. M. Ayre	2. G. Gay
	Cricket Ball Throw.....	1. M. Ayre (Prep Record)	2. K. Jamieson
	Three Legged Race.....	1. K. Jamieson and C. Howard	
		2. W. Webster and S. Cushing	
	Cricket Batting Average.....	M. Ayre	
	Cricket Bowling Average.....	J. Kilgour	
	Sportmanship Trophy.....	J. Carroll	
BOXING:	The Stoker Cup, Prep Championship.....	M. Ayre	
	Middleweight.....	D. Tomlinson	
	Bantamweight.....	H. Prescott	
	Midgetweight.....	J. Clarke	
	Special Award, Most Improved Boxer.....	W. Mitchell	
The Rankin Trophy (For Track and Field in the Upper School).....		J. Roland	
ALL ROUND CHAMPIONSHIPS:	The Preparatory School (Richardson Cup).....	M. Ayre	
	Junior (The R.M.C. Cup).....	G. Johnston	
	Intermediate (Challenge Cup).....	R. Jamieson	
	Senior: School Championship (The Smith Cup and Fortune Medal).....	H. Fraser	

THE OPEN BOOK



JOINT ACCOUNT

Kenneth Hugessen Prize Short Story

Jimmy Carter's lean frame shuffled slowly out of the manager's office. As he passed through the doorway the fan swung his way wafting his straight, brown hair on the breeze. Outside the bank, Allenville sweltered in the hot sun.

"Thank you, sir," Jimmy mumbled, in a dazed tone, as he checked the door shut. His face was ashen, and almost expressionless as he stumbled slowly over to his teller's stool and slumped down on it.

Nearby a chair scraped back on the wooden floor and Jack Larson, the bank executive staff walked over. Jack was practically the bank itself. Old Mr. Kimball just sat there drowsily in the manager's office, reading the newspaper from the City, and let Jack give the orders.

"What gives?" he asked, slapping Jimmy on the back.

"I . . . I . . . got that raise," Jimmy mumbled, thoughtfully.

Larson backed away in mock disgust.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Jimmy," he laughed. "You look more like you'd just been fired."

"Well, you see, it's this 'thing' again," Jimmy returned. "It happened again this morning."

"What thing?" said Larson, sarcastically.

Jimmy paused for a minute. He hadn't meant to tell anyone, but now . . .

"Well," he began, "it all began last fall when I was at the races over in West City. It was the first time I had ever gone and I . . . I . . . well, I made a little wager on one of the horses," Jimmy made it sound as if he had committed a murder. "The horse was doing all right, too," he continued, "but another horse was doing a little better, so, with the excitement, I just sort of wished that he'd fall." Jimmy lowered his head and continued. "He did, too. The jockey was hurt and so was the horse. I felt just awful."

Jack Larson laughed. "You mean to say that you think . . . ?"

"But that's not all," Jimmy interjected. "The time that I wished that fat old Mr. Hughes would fall through the ice when he was skating down on the pond and he did. Why, he almost drowned. And then," Jimmy hesitated momentarily, "the time I wished that Judy . . . I mean, Miss Allen, would have a flat tire sometime when I was around. And the *very next day*," Jimmy blushed, "right outside the bank she had one. And now again this morning."

Jack Larson smiled. "Come on" he said. "Snap out of it. Cheer up. You should be one of the happiest people on earth today." He glanced up as the bank door slammed shut. "Now," he continued, "get a smile on that face of yours. Here's a customer."

Jimmy forced a smile and stepped up to the wicket.

Then suddenly his eyes opened wide and his face took on that dreamy look brought on by love, for there on the other side of the wicket stood Miss Judy Allen.

Jimmy sighed dreamily as he gazed across the counter.

"What a goddess," he thought.

"I wish to make a withdrawal," broke in Miss Allen.

Jimmy sighed again. Her voice was like the sound of the sweetest music, yet he didn't hear a word she said.

"I would like to make a withdrawal," said Miss Allen, with more emphasis, sliding a cheque through the grille.

"Oh," burst out Jimmy, horrified, "I am sorry."

Hurriedly he picked up the slip of paper and tried to focus on the amount.

"Would you endorse it, please?" he asked.

"I already have," said Miss Allen.

Jimmy counted out the bills mechanically. After a moment he looked up, and their eyes met. Jimmy smiled. Miss Allen smiled. Jimmy sighed. Miss Allen sighed. Then, the bank door opened and an old lady walked in.

"Oh!" Judy Allen laughed, as the spell broke. "I'm sorry. I must have been dreaming."

She quickly picked up the money and stuffed it in her bag.

"Thank you Mr. . . Ah . . ." she hesitated.

"Just Jimmy is fine," he quickly furnished, "Everyone calls me Jimmy."

Jimmy watched her head toward the door. Silently, he wished that she wouldn't rush off.

Suddenly, to his astonishment, she was standing at the wicket again.

"I'm sorry," she said, lightly, "but I can't seem to get the door open."

Jimmy smiled. "Here," he said, coming round the counter, "I'll do it." Swelling with pride, he strode over to the door and tried it. After a few more frustrated efforts, he turned dejectedly. His feeling of pride had vanished and he felt quite embarrassed.

"Well," he said, "I'll try it once more. If it doesn't open this time I guess we'll just have to call Mr. Amory, the locksmith."

Jimmy turned, rather half-heartedly, and tried the door again.

"Please open," he thought, gripping the handle and pulling, "just so I won't seem so good-for-nothing."

Swish!

To Jimmy's astonishment and horror the door swung open as if it were on the best oiled hinges in the world.

"Oh!" Jimmy gasped.

"Is something wrong?" asked Judy Allen.

"Oh no!" answered Jimmy, hastily shaking his head. At first he had to force a smile but soon it became natural.

Judy Allen stepped out the door.

"Thank you," she smiled, turning towards Jimmy. Then she headed down the sidewalk. Jimmy gazed after her for a moment. Then he turned and went back to the wicket.

Later that afternoon Jimmy thought over the morning's events.

"Why couldn't something happen so I could really impress her?" he thought, dreamily. "Something like a bank robbery . . ."

Jimmy tilted his stool back on two legs and leaned against the wall, shutting his eyes. Soon scenes of flashing bravado played before him.

In the first the bandit had a dangerous looking revolver, but the dream just wouldn't work out and Jimmy scrapped it.

But then his hero came through. Unnoticed by the bandit he hid, and then, after the others were tied up, he freed them and captured the bandit single-handed. Jimmy smiled drowsily.

Quick, short breaths hissed through Jimmy's teeth as he sped down Allenville's Main Street toward the bank.

He cursed himself for not having wound the clock the night before. He had been so wrapped up in his day-dreams, though, that he hadn't even thought of it.

The hands of the old town clock stood at 10:06. Jimmy shuddered. Old Mr. Kimball was a real stickler for punctuality. Every morning he stood at the bank door and flagged down Jimmy and Jack Larson as they came over the line.

Suddenly, Jimmy thought of the back door of the bank. Maybe if he sneaked in that way and got to work, Mr. Kimball would forget.

Silently, he circled the building, and walked up to the door. It struck him that it was rather odd that the door was open, but he felt he had no time to waste on so trivial a matter.

The outer door of the bank led into a short, murky hall, where the coats were hung. Jimmy draped his over a peg, at the same time noting the presence of two others. Then he approached the door which led into the main office. There he hesitated, using a crooked tie as an excuse to stall for time until he could muster enough courage to face old Mr. Kimball.

Then, coughing to clear his throat, he grasped the door knob and swung open the door, expecting, at any moment to be barraged with curses.

But there wasn't a sound. For on the floor lay old Mr. Kimball and Jack Larson, trussed up like two chickens ready for the oven.

Jimmy just stood for a moment, mouth agape, staring at them. Then, startled awake by the grunts of Jack Larson, he hastened over and fumbled with the knots.

Soon the gag was out of Jack Larson's mouth and his

hands were untied. He swore effusively at the unyielding knots on his feet.

When they finally gave, he scrambled to his feet and ran for the door.

"Stay here and untie Mr. Kimball," he called over his shoulder, as he swung open the door.

Jimmy hesitated, glancing at the prostrate, struggling figure. Then, remembering his wish of the day before, he dashed for the door. Grabbing the handle, he twisted it violently, pulling at the same time. To his consternation, it stuck fast.

Outside in the street Jack Larson and a stranger carrying a small suitcase appeared to be playing a game of hide-and-seek around a black sedan at the curb. On the opposite pavement a crowd of loiterers and passers-by peeped cautiously from between parked cars and around lamp-posts. And at that instant Judy's convertible came to a stop in mid-street.

All of a sudden, Jimmy remembered the little episode at the door the day before. The "thing"! Stepping back he hesitated momentarily, a bit wary about his power. He hated the thought of using "it", but anything was worth the chance to impress Judy. Taking a deep breath and puffing out his chest prodigiously, Jimmy stepped up to the door and grasped the handle again.

"I . . . I . . . wish it would open," he murmured. Jimmy tugged at the door, but it remained unyielding.

Jimmy hesitated and then stepped back and repeated the performance.

"I wish it would open," he stated, a little more boldly this time.

Another attempt; another failure.

Jimmy stepped back again. Then, enraged, he tackled the door like a wrestler trying to improve his rating on TV.

After a moment his anger subsided and he stamped over and slouched down behind the teller's window and buried his head in his hands.

There he was a few minutes later when Jack Larson, Judy Allen and a host of townspeople burst in at the door. They appeared to have no trouble with the latch.

"Hey, did you hear?" they cried. "Jack caught the robber."

"Boy, was he brave!" cried one.

"Where did you say the fire was?" inquired another misinformed bystander.

Jimmy sat quietly in the teller's cage, ignoring the tumult. Suddenly, he felt eyes upon him. There stood Judy Allen. Jimmy wanted to turn and run, he felt so terrible, but he couldn't.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy," Judy sighed, "I was so afraid you'd get hurt."

Jimmy lowered his gaze.

"It didn't work," he murmured, "The 'thing' didn't work."

"What didn't work?" Judy asked.

Jimmy blushed. They with sudden decision he blurted out the whole story.

Judy laughed.

"Oh, Jimmy," she cried, "don't you see? I was at the races too, and I wished that you'd win. And the flat tire, too! And your raise. And then today. I saw you at the door and I wished, oh how I wished that it wouldn't open. I was afraid you'd get hurt."

DAWN

THE silence continued.

Eric Gibran glanced at the sky. The moon had evaporated into the grey haze of dawn.

"Just a little while until morning," he thought. "Just a few more hours and you're through with this damned place, Eric ol' boy. As soon as the rising bell sounds you'll be off to Los Angeles without a look behind. God, won't that be nice! California and Mary. Ten months at an Interplanetary Flight Training Institute is enough to kill anyone. Just be thankful that you're getting out two months before everybody else. Think of all the other students. While you'll be back at home, they'll be following the institute's grinding routine—the inhuman amount of work and study, the lack of sleep, the lashings and starvation diets, no leaves, no visitors, only twenty minutes of recreation a day, and all in-coming or out-going letters read and censored by the board of instructors. Then, on the day of their departure, everybody will be given the hypnotic amnesia treatment."

No student was presumed to know that this treatment was awaiting him. The instructors had been careful. The schedule for Day No. 365 was:

6:00 breakfast, 12:00 lunch, 6:00 supper. *(The day will be spent psychoanalysing students, all of whom will line-up alphabetically outside the lecture hall, where they will be received in groups of twenty. Those who do not get into the hall before lunch will return in the afternoon).* 7:00 end of training course, and departure. *Good luck, you are on your own.*

Yes, the instructors had been very careful. But, a few weeks before, Eric had secretly witnessed a video-phonic conversation between two of them, and he had learned the truth. There never would be a psychoanalysis. Writing this on the program was simply a way of getting the students into a state of deep hypnosis without arousing their suspicions; the instructors realized that it was impossible to put an unwilling subject into the hypnotic trance. The doctor would make the students "forget" all the unpleasantness that they had gone through during their stay.

Eric would be able to recall the cruelty and the prison-like life. He would be able to reveal what really goes on

"You mean," faltered Jimmy, "that when we wish for the same thing, it comes true?"

Judy nodded, and they stood looking at each other. Then an extraordinary thing happened.

The wire screen of the teller's cage of the Allenville Bank, the strength and solidity of which had never been doubted, wilted, crumpled and collapsed, and Jimmy stepped towards Judy, his arms outstretched.

The customer made no withdrawal.

M. BELL, (Form VA I)

in an I.F.T. Institute. But the others, those who hadn't been given the privilege of leaving before the end of the course, they wouldn't remember a thing. All they would be able to come out with, when asked about the place, would be the lies that had been fed into them during the amnesia treatment.

Thank God he wasn't one of them. Thank God he had the brains to blackmail the board of directors into allowing him to leave earlier. If he hadn't threatened to reveal what he had learned concerning the amnesia treatment, he wouldn't be leaving. This was no time for loyalty to his fellow students. Freedom came first.

He turned from the barred window and faced his small cell-like room. All metal. Even the mattress on the bunk.

He tore off his shirt and swore at the stupid rash which had suddenly broken out on him that afternoon. Reaching for a jar on the desk, he covered himself with the ointment the doctor had given him.

He kicked off his boots and dropped onto the bed. The aluminum strips sagged under him. The metal was cold . . .

He stirred in his sleep.

The metal was warm

Eric screamed madly, clutching his flaming body. A blazing sphere, he threw himself about the room. He kicked at the door in vain, and shrieked again as sight left his burning eyes. His charred limbs gave-way, and, with one last convulsion he collapsed, dead.

The dawn peered into the cell.

The professor's fingers flicked off the circuit switch, and the tubes began to lose their reddish glow.

He turned to one of the guards.

"The bed will be cool by the time you get there," he said. "Disconnect the wires, and remove the body."

The video-phone buzzed.

He watched the screen as the face came into focus.

He smiled. "Why, good morning Instructor Perkins."

"Good morning, professor. I'd like to compliment you on your operation. I've just had a look at the defaulter. Excellent work—completely carbonized, with that inflammable ethanol you had the doctor give him."

The professor chuckled modestly. "Thank you . . . well, shall we have breakfast?" M. CHOQUETTE, (Form C VI)

THIS IS THE WAY

"This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang, but a whimper."—T. S. ELIOT.

The grass shows new
Above the four month blanket gone,
An awakening with the Man who rose.
The hats parade—but who finds time
For such as that? Parties—always something.
Oh, have no fear; reason will suffice;
But spring is here; another time, perhaps.
And so the days progress
To weeks
And then to months.
The sun shines bright and nature calls.
"There's too much heat. I'd die in there."
Yes, die, and would in death be saved.
The little children play unknowing,
Growing,
Wanting scientific proof;
Faith, in fact—not outwardly, of course.
The symbol's there without real meaning,
Or getting ever
Smaller.
So much to do, with movies, plays instead . . .
Ah, yes! And—rest your soul! (in bed).
The autumn cloths in nature,
Another sign,
But the theme has changed to pleasure,
After all the only day of leisure.
The new snow shows again
A warning,
Or some message to be ski-ed on.
They sense a spectacle.
—Buy only the best: ringside—
But it's free this time,
Fire for eternity. P. DUFFIELD, (Form VII)

ENTER PRIMA VERA

The spring has come
And left the cold with all that's old
Behind.
It draws the curtain on another play,
A revival, one might say,
That brings the painted flowers on
To pose beneath the amber dawn.
Too few of us enjoy this time
Of birth, when birds again can chime
Their songs of joy. But soon
The scene will shift to June
And only then will man have sense
To see, too late, his negligence.
P. DUFFIELD, (Form VII)

PREMONITIONS

The sun is pierced by the man-made spires,
And bursts below their jagged tops,
Unleashing sombre chartreuse fires
In long, unbroken lines.

Deceased by darkness,
Reborn by light,
A street becomes alive and cries
"Revelry"
To all who chance to pass.
Doorways cast amber on cold grey concrete,
Resounding baleful dissonance,
Where people watch the weaving dance,
In drinking, clinking, drinking trance,
And heavy hiccoughs gurgle gilded arrogance.
The liveried smiles tend champagne fonts,
Doling out bowls of bubbling luxury
And bicarbonates of soda.
While joyful guests repeat a verse
The frugal workman thinks again,
And twists his mind to the common trend
With thoughts of Marx. The theory's gone,
And all that's left is a brighter dawn.

Then the people flow from this disarray,
Marching toward a bomb display;
And as night takes flight
With the fears of the free
The boy on the corner
Shouts,
"World War III"

P. DUFFIELD, (Form VII)

TYPICAL

Lucky? I knew him not,
That cursed man.
Love and favours from him I got.
Damn him! Damn.

He treats everyone with respect,
The stupid fool.
He won't harm the low insect
Nor slow mule.

I call him my enemy because I am jealous
Of this good man.
He has mountains of courage and is oh! so zealous;
Much more than I am.
J. ALEXANDER, (Form IV A)

VEILED THREAT

"Heavens!" thought Alfred Templeton as he walked down the long bare hall towards classroom eight. "They are making an awful racket again."

As he opened the door there was a loud crash in front of him. Ink sprayed everywhere. "Who threw that?" he growled.

Dead silence.

"I will report the whole form to the principal if someone doesn't come and clean it up."

A burst of suppressed laughing at the back.

"They must have found out that the principal hates me and is threatening to fire me," Alfred concluded dismally.

By now the whole of the class was laughing outright at his attempt to scare them.

"Shut up!" he sputtered.

There was another crash at the back and Alfred strode down the aisle, his face livid. "All right," he yelled, enraged. "Give me that and get out!"

At this, the boy threw a heavy metal object on the floor at his feet. It would have been useless to try to get the boy to pick it up, so Alfred bent down and picked it up himself. It was the top half of a broken belaying pin which he must have stolen from one of the small sailboats in the harbour.

Just then there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he bellowed.

The door opened and the principal's secretary poked her head around the door. "The principal would like to see you right away, Mr. Templeton," she told him timidly.

"Well, here it comes," sighed Alfred, dropping the broken pin into his jacket pocket. "He must have heard this racket. He certainly isn't wasting any time in getting rid of me. I do hope he gets it over with quickly. Knowing him, though, he will probably give me a long lecture concerning the art of keeping order in class and how he used to do it when he was a junior teacher.

"All right, boys, do questions one to five on page 35 while I am gone."

"What! Five questions?" complained the whole class in unison.

"Oh, all right, one to three then. But keep quiet while I'm gone or there will be trouble when I return."

"If you return," someone in the back chuckled maliciously.

As he made his way sadly down the hall towards the principal's office at the far end, he wondered what he would do now. What could a man of his physique do in a harbour town? He couldn't work on a ship, for he always got violently seasick. A dock-hand was out of the question too. He couldn't take more than a week of hard work like that.

"Come in!" drawled the principal.

Alfred opened the door timidly, stepped inside, and closed the door again. As Alfred's eyes roved about the large high-ceilinged room, they encountered a large long bookcase, a reading lamp, a leather-covered easy chair and a world map. Under the map was a table, upon which there was a long glass box which housed three snakes. "How typical of his character," thought Alfred, "to keep snakes." Then his gaze rested upon the desk; it was a large desk, with a matching set of blotter, paper knife, ink well and pen holder. Above the desk was a large portrait of Franklin. Below this, slumped in a swivel chair, with his hands fingering a piece of chalk on the desk, was Gordon K. Wallace, principal of Boyport High School.

On his bony, clean-shaven face there was a look of shy pleasure. It seemed to say, "I have been waiting a long time for this moment, Templeton, and I intend to enjoy it."

To Alfred he said invitingly, "Have a seat, won't you, Mr. Templeton?"

As Alfred sat down he thought to himself, "Why doesn't he just say, 'You're fired!' and get it over with quickly, instead of leading up to it slowly and seeming to enjoy it so much? I could break his neck for this. I would like to break his neck for this," Alfred corrected himself.

"Oh, Mr. Templeton," Wallace's voice cut into Alfred's thoughts, "I have talked the subject over with the rest of the masters and they all seem to agree with me."

"I bet," growled Alfred under his breath.

"A thing like this cannot go unnoticed in a school with a reputation such as ours. I have been trying to keep my eyes closed to it for a long time but an incident was reported to me this morning which I find impossible to overlook. If we cannot control things of this nature, the boys of other schools may be affected too. I realize what this means to you, but it must be done."

"Oh I understand, Mr. Wallace," stammered Alfred. "I guess I'm just not the type, that's all."

"You're all right," cut in Wallace. "I'm sure that everything will turn out for the best."

"Yes, yes," said Alfred, anxious to get the business over with, "I'm sure it will."

"Well then," sighed Wallace, "here is a slip of paper I want you to read."

"A leave slip, I suppose," thought Alfred sarcastically.

"On it," Wallace continued, "are the names of three bars. We have had reports from friends concerning these bars."

"But I don't drink. I've never been"

"You won't have to drink a drop", Mr. Templeton," assured Wallace. "All I want you to do is get the names of any boys of this school you see in the bars, and give the list to me."

"You mean I'm not"

"That's all you have to do. Don't cause any fuss. Just get the list of names."

.....

The next address on Alfred's list was a small bar down by the waterfront. As he approached its neon sign, which proclaimed that it was "The Dingy Dinghy", his heart sank. This was the very kind of place he loathed. When he peered through the door his eyes were met by a solid bank of smoke and his ears were deafened by the blare of a juke-box and the loud laughing of several men sitting beside the door. When his eyes had accustomed themselves to the fog he thought he saw, away at the back, a couple of boys from the school, but he wasn't sure. Just then one of the men at the table beside the door saw him. He pointed at Alfred and the whole table burst out laughing again.

Alfred stepped away from the door, so as not to be seen by others, and settled down to quiet thought.

"I wonder if those are our boys at the back? I'd like to get another look at them, but I can't stand at the door, or those men might get rough. Well, if I want another look I will have to go in. Maybe I ought to skip this place altogether," he said to himself thoughtfully. "No, that won't work. The principal probably has someone checking up on me."

As this thought came into his head he looked around to see if anyone had observed his cowardly action at the door, but no one was in sight.

"Well, I guess I'll have to go in. I hope those men near the door don't cause any trouble, though."

The doors made a loud creak in spite of Alfred's attempt to enter as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. At the sound of the swinging door everyone at the first table turned to stare at him. A short man, wearing pegged pants, a light blue coat, and an open-necked shirt, got up. He halted about two feet in front of Alfred and planted his feet wide apart, blocking the whole aisle, and said in a deep husky voice that could be heard all over the bar-room, "Wadda ya want in here, huh?"

"I . . . I'm look . . ."

"Speak up, ya punk. What are ya? A cop? Answer me afore I knock yer block off! I'm not afraid of nobody. See?"

By this time the rest of the customers were watching

with glee the plight of Alfred. From the crowd came shouts of, "Hit him, Shorty. Give him a black eye. Show him what's behind a sailor. Heave the punk out."

Just then Alfred saw at the back the two boys, whom he now felt sure were from the school, get up and head for the back door. In his desperation to find out who they were he forgot about the drunk in front of him. As Alfred moved to brush past him the drunk drew back his fist, which seemed to silence the whole bar. Alfred no longer cared. He saw the cocked fist out of the corner of his eye as he bumped into the man. He closed his eyes and waited for the fist to land, but nothing happened. When he opened his eyes again Shorty had backed off and was staring at Alfred's right pocket. Alfred looked down to see what he was staring at. There was a large bulge in his jacket; as he put a questioning hand in his pocket and found a cold, heavy object. The drunk turned and ran from the bar, muttering, "Don't shoot, mister."

The boys at the back, who had stopped to watch the fun, were so awe-struck that they just stood there while Alfred made his way over to them. They didn't even complain when he took their names. One of the names rang a bell in his mind.

"You're the boy I confiscated a belaying pin from this morning, aren't you?" asked Alfred.

"Yes, Alf . . . , I mean, Mr. Templeton," replied the boy. "Why?"

"Just wondering," murmured Alfred.

Next morning the principal again called Alfred into his office.

"We have decided," he said, in a slow thoughtful way, "in view of what happened at the Dingy Dinghy last night"

"Oh, Mr. Wallace, I didn't mean to cause a disturbance. It wasn't my fault. He started it. I didn't even have a"

"It's all right, Mr. Templeton," assured Wallace. "There is no need to get so excited. You are getting a hundred dollar bonus."

"One hundred dollars?" gasped Alfred, and his hand automatically sought his pocket.

"Make it two," urged the principal, hurriedly.

M. HUBAND, (Form VA I)

DUNKIRK

There in the smoke of bursting shell
Fought troops of many lands,
Upon that strip of burning hall,
And died upon the sands.

They fought against the German horde,
They fought with all their power;
Through endless time men shall record
This was their finest hour.

The armies of the fatherland
Drove them to the shore,
But England snatched them from the sand
And took them home once more.

And now we look upon that time,
Those acts of bravery,
Those unknown men whose deeds sublime
Gave spirit to the free.

W. BRAINERD, (Form VA)

THE GEIGER COUNTER

Joe Moore, driven by the wind at his back, pushed on across the barren Arctic tundra. The big prospector was cold, tired, and hungry. Was this the life the Government had promised to any man willing to come to Great Bear Lake to search for uranium? Were these the vast rewards that the Deputy Commissioner had assured him he would reap?

All he knew was that another week was all he could take. One more week and then . . . His thoughts trailed off into despair. He wouldn't go back. Not after all the money he'd promised Mabel and the kids. They were counting on him. On these seven days hung everything. If he didn't strike it rich by then, he'd do anything . . . even steal!

As if inspired by this thought, he doubled his pace. His pack jogged like a papoose on a squaw's back. His geiger counter, provided free by the government, was strapped at his side. For a moment, he contemplated it. He just couldn't understand why it hadn't registered. Everything had been in his favour. The range of hills he'd been assigned was supposedly hot. A geologist from the States had calculated it to be the centre of a massive vein. All the Government needed was a man to go in and take some positive readings. But for three weeks, while he had paced up and down the bare ridges, the geiger counter had maintained a stony, impassive silence.

It was near nightfall when Joe jogged into camp. Bill Warren, the radio operator, called out the hockey scores from Montreal as Joe passed the tent. They were bad. Canadiens had lost both their week-end games. This did little to lift Joe's spirits, and he went to bed right after he'd eaten.

NO! NO! NOT AN AUCTION!

A splintering crash, an "Oh! it just slipped!", and a salesman's rather pompous, "Congratulations, Madam, you have just acquired a genuine 13th Century Graurenbachglubenslaber Crumpet Dish," greeted me as I sauntered through a door marked 'Hammerdown & Clipjoint, Auctioneers'. I adjusted my horn-rimmed spectacles and picked my way delicately through the debris to the auction block.

Upon the stand was the most repulsive piece of furniture I had ever seen. It reminded me of something Aunt Agatha-Minerva had paid good money to have hauled away. I think they called it a curate-rack. The bidding had just started. A Brooklynite in a Honolulu shirt, sunglasses and a visored cap, and an aristocratic old lady ran the bidding up to \$50.

"\$50.01," said the 'grande dame'

"\$55.00" said the Brooklynite.

"\$55.01," she returned.

"\$75.00," said the Brooklynite, getting sore.

Here the lady dropped out, and a large man in a shiny

The next day was clear and cold. When he had first arrived at Great Bear Lake he needed a map to locate Ridge R-3, but now he could walk the four miles to the ridge with his eyes closed. Joe spent a cold and unrewarding day searching the ridge.

The second day, his luck sank lower still; a blizzard rolled in from the northwest, making it impossible to leave camp. For five days, Joe sat in his tent and burned. He felt that all the elements were conspiring against him.

Finally on the last day it cleared. Joe trudged slowly up and down the ridge. The sun sank lower in the west. Hopefully, he swung the geiger counter from side to side. It was no use. As the western sky reddened with the setting sun, he gave up.

Suddenly, in a fit of anger and despair, he heaved the geiger counter as far as it would go. "Good riddance," he muttered as he started the long trudge back.

That night, anyone out on the lonely and desolate ridge would have heard a peculiar sound; the click, click of a positively reacting geiger counter. Yes, Joe had been issued with a faulty geiger counter and yes, it had been shocked into working order when he threw it. But now, its musical click that Joe had so longed to hear fell upon the deaf ear of the Arctic wind.

Few people paid much attention to the announcement of Joe Moore's suicide in the Edmonton papers a few days after he left Great Bear Lake. They were far more interested in the screaming headlines announcing the Government's discovery of uranium on Ridge R-3.

P. TOMLINSON, (Form VA I)

nylon suit, ten gallon hat and high-heeled boots took her place. At \$300.00—"Going . . . going . . . gone! Sold to the gent in the big hat, number 643 A in your catalogue, a genuine Vercenpucelli . . ."

There was a sound of ripping canvas from the hall, and the auctioneer continued in a tired voice, "Number 643 B, Sunset on the Zambesi, by Giovanni Jones IIIrd . . ."

I felt a sneeze coming on and grabbed my handkerchief from my breast pocket.

"Going . . . going . . . gone! Sold to the man in the horn-rimmed glasses, green shirt, and pink sports jacket, for \$25.00 . . ."

Horn-rimmed glasses? Green shirt? Sports coat? \$25.00? Me? Me!

I turned to look at my prize. The next thing I knew somebody was giving me smelling salts and shouting, "Air! Give him air!"

Oh well—Aunt Agatha-Minerva paid the junkman only two dollars. Perhaps . . .

W. BRAINERD, (Form V)

THE LADDER

Sweat rolled off his back in droplets and glistened on his shoulders and face. He had long since discarded his heavy sweater and woolen shirt, for it was hot down there, working like a Trojan twenty feet below the surface on an afternoon of Indian Summer.

He had dug the twenty-foot pit himself, and had conceived an immense respect for ditch-diggers in so doing. The digging of a twenty-foot pit alone is a back-breaking job. He had dug the hole, throwing the earth into buckets along with huge rocks dislodged by his crowbars, climbing the ladder, and hauling the large, heavy bucket all the way up the shaft.

It was really a two or three man job, but Mike Bradley didn't want to let anyone in on his secret. He could have been assisted by his skipper from town, but Mike wasn't taking any chances. He had insisted that his guide remain on the boat, and the boat remain where it was. No doubt he had raised suspicion, but he was sure that that skipper would not even think of coming ashore. He was far too honest, so Mike thought. So Mike had dug every inch of that twenty feet, hauled every pound of the earth, and lifted every lump of rock by himself. But he wasn't tired; he was far too excited, far too expectant, for within five feet he was sure he would acquire for himself a treasure. In five feet he expected to see a treasure which many had sought and none found.

"Yo-ho-ho and a barrel of rum," sang Mike in a ludicrous roar, between a grunt and a very off-tune bass, as he pushed aside a fifty-pound rock and wished that the barrel was closer to him now than twenty feet up and a mile away where his small boat lay anchored on the lee side of Birch Island.

He was a queer mixture of a man; tall, big-boned, but quite thin. His thinness was not natural, but due to lack of food, and an excess of that kind of exercise which one gets from hitchhiking from Montreal to Halifax. Along with the thinness, however, came the lean, wiry hardness which was also the heritage of hitchhiking.

He threw away one of the three crowbars that he used to dislodge boulders, and straightened up. He wiped a dirty hand across his chin, covered with a two day beard, leaving a dirty line across his square jaw and firm, stubborn mouth. His nose was straight and fine. His eyes were the most striking part of his face, deep blue with a laughing quality that showed another of his characteristics, rashness. In them one saw that he was a man to whom to think and act were exactly the same.

Mike straightened up, filled the large bucket with earth, and turned to go up the rope. Suddenly he gave a bull-like roar, and leaped like a man possessed at his fast-disappearing rope ladder. His fingers grazed the bottom rung, but not enough to grip, and as he fell back the rope disappeared over the edge of the hole.

"Hilton! Is that you? Damn you, you promised to stay in the boat. Put that ladder down here!"

"Sorry mister. You didn't really think I'd let you make a fortune with me just standing by, did you? You stupid Upper Canadian! You can't even pick the right spot. I got a look at that map of yours. You know, you missed the shaft by only two feet."

"Damn you, Hilton, let me out. I'll double your pay."

"Why take fifty dollars when I can have fifty thousand? You damn Upper Canadians think you're the only smart people in the world" snarled Hilton, a small wiry man with shifty eyes that didn't belong to these friendly, open fishermen. "If you don't bother me none I might even let you out after I've claimed the treasure. If not, well lots of people have fallen down abandoned shafts on this island, and never been heard of again."

"The hell with you. I'll get out of this place and knock your bloody head off, you sneaky bluenose!"

"How're you gonna get out? Those walls are straight up and down and slippery. You can sit there and starve."

Mike leaned back full of disgust and loathing for that little runt, and then kicked himself for being such a fool; going out to Birch Island in mid-October, and expecting his guide not to suspect anything; secondly, for threatening to knock his head off. He should have acted quietly, and waited till he got out to raise hell about it. Now he was stuck in a twenty-foot pit with a shovel, pick-axe, three crowbars and only an hour of daylight left.

He was stuck good. He'd been in tight spots before, but then all he had to do was use force to get out. Now he had to call in the reserves, brains. He looked around. One pick-axe, a shovel, three crowbars. Fine for digging, but how do you get out of a twenty-foot pit with those?

He thought for a while, calling in all his knowledge of any tricks he had ever read about as a kid. But authors never seemed to have someone down a well.

Then he thought of mountain-climbers. "That's it!" he said excitedly. "I'll make hand holes in the side." Blithely he dug a little hole just above his knee in the side of the pit, shoved his toe in the hole, jumped up, and fell down on the floor of the pit. "Too loose," he muttered to himself, "why I could drive a crowbar half its length in that stuff with my arms alone." Suited the action to the word he did just that. "Hey, that's it!" he shouted to the sky. "I'll have a staircase right up the pit."

Grabbing a shovel, he slammed the crowbar in another half foot, picked up another crowbar, and drove it in directly above the first one, four feet higher. Then stepping on the first crowbar, he reached up grabbing the top crowbar on the end, and hauled himself up onto it. He was just leaning down from the top crowbar, balanced nicely on either side, to yank the first one out, when his

weight and the leverage he exerted by being on the outside end of the crowbar, combined to make a force too great for the earth, and he fell, taking both crowbars with him.

An oath exploded ferociously while he rubbed the shin with which he'd knocked the bottom crowbar out, and the bump on his head where he'd knocked it against the pick-axe. "This has to work. There's no other way out of here."

He got up and picked up the first bar. He drove it into a new spot, gave it another couple of whacks for good measure, and picked up the next crowbar. Placing it two feet higher and two feet over from the first bar, he hammered it half its length into the wall with the shovel. Then he did the same thing with the third bar, two feet up and two over. Stepping from the first to second bar while holding on to the third, he found they were quite steady as long as he stood on the inner ends. With his knees on the second bar, and holding onto the top, he tried to pull out the bottom bar. It didn't budge. He hit it with the shovel to loosen it, and then began to pull this way and that, the way one does with a loose tooth. Finally an extra hard yank got it, and he nearly fell off the bar with the sudden giving. The whole operation had taken a little over five minutes.

"This is going to take a long time" he grunted, "and from now on if I drop one of these bars I've had it." With one foot on the bottom bar and the other on the middle, he placed the third bar two feet up and two feet over, and hammered gingerly to get it started. Then with three full swing strokes he had it in. Then he bent down, kneeling on the middle, holding onto the top, and hauled and worked at the bottom bar.

After forty minutes of this drudgery, he was only a little over half-way up. He was tired, dog-tired. His knees were swollen and bruised from kneeling on the bars. Every time he knelt down the pain shot through him in spasms. Darkness was closing in fast. Looking up from his perch he could already see stars. "I hope he doesn't come around to check," muttered Mike as he pulled out the bottom bar. He lifted the bar, wearily putting it in place to hammer it in with the shovel, when it fell. "Oh, no!" sobbed Mike as he grabbed at it, caught it, dropped the shovel, caught it, and began to fall. Falling forward, he felt the next bar up hit his chest, and begin to give. He felt it going; he saw the earth crumbling; then it stopped. Slowly pushing himself back from the bar that had saved him, he stood on the other bar, and leaned against the wall, shaking and sobbing like a little boy.

It was a full three minutes before he recovered his steadiness, and a full five before he dared make another attempt to drive in the bar. He continued slowly and very carefully, for he knew that if he dropped a bar, or fell, he

would never get out. It was almost pitch-dark, there was no moon, and the stars did not lighten the added darkness of the pit. Every limb in his body ached, and he still had five feet to go. Wearily, he drove the bar in. Was that a wooden clunk he heard? Impossible! He hit the bar again and vibration nearly knocked the shovel out of his hand. "Something's there. That's for sure." He was about to put the bar somewhere else when Hilton's words came to him. "You know you missed the shaft by only two feet?" Could he have been wrong? Could he have missed it by only a foot?

Gone was his fatigue and into place came a new cheerfulness and energy. Now he was going to get out, with the treasure.

Digging at the spot where his bar had stuck, the crowbar suddenly drove into an empty space. He reached for the shovel, braced himself, and then stopped suddenly and cocked his ear. A stick had cracked. A branch rustled against clothing. "My God," thought Mike, "he's coming back."

He was trapped. He could only move his feet forward about a foot without tearing the crowbar out. He thought wildly. Nothing came to him. He heard Hilton coming closer. He flattened himself against the pit as best he could. Hilton's head appeared suddenly, silhouetted against the sky. From the way his head weaved Mike knew he had been drinking. He looked down, shaded his eyes and looked again, but it was too dark for him to see anything. He bent down closer, fumbling in his belt for a flashlight. Mike had bent down so that he was just a blob of darkness against the side of the pit. Suddenly he straightened up, grabbed the loose front of Hilton's shirt, and pulled. Hilton came over much more easily than Mike had expected, and he nearly went over with him, but he let go just in time, and grabbed at the butt of the bar in the hole. For a moment it felt as if everything would fall, but it held, and he pulled himself up to a standing position. He could hear Hilton's frenzied gasping below, and found himself hoping he'd done nothing worse than knock his breath out.

He drove in the next bar and standing straight on it he found he could just see over the pit. He would have to jump up, and haul himself up and out with his arms. He'd dropped the shovel and the third crowbar when he'd straightened up to grab Hilton.

"Well," he said to himself, "I have to do it some time; might as well be now." He jumped. This was too much for the crowbar, and it fell. He felt oddly relieved when he heard it hit the ground and not Hilton.

He was hanging onto the edge of the pit with his arms and chest, with nothing below him but twenty feet of air, and Hilton. With one last effort he pulled with his arms, and when he felt solid ground beneath him he rolled. Then he was out. He lay there on his back breath-

ing deeply and rejoicing in the feel of solid ground beneath him.

Then he thought of the treasure, and looked around to see what tools he had. There was his rope ladder and a piece of stout rope. "Should be plenty," he muttered to himself and set about thinking as to how it could be done.

He would tie the rope around the tree and join it to the handle of the chest. "I should be able to do it," he thought to himself. "I'll just tie the rope ladder around the tree too."

He did these things, and just as he was about to pull the chest over the edge of the pit, Hilton's voice came

through the blackness, gasping and weak. "You . . . you damn Upper Canadian, is that the treasure y'got there?"

"That's right," answered Mike. "Are you hurt?" he asked surprised at his care for some one who had nearly killed him.

"Yeah! Just my wind. What are you going to do? How am I going to get out?"

"You'll find three crowbars and a shovel down there with you," called Mike. "They got me out. You figure it out. I'll send a boat for you when I get back to the mainland."

With that he shouldered the chest and set off for the boat.
S. OLAND, (Form VA I)

PHONE CALLS

Let's make a list of the phone calls that our younger generation is making nowadays.

First, there is a business call that goes something like this: "Hello? Mother, this is Dave. I just called to tell you that I'm spending the night at" Then Dad interrupts with, "Get home at once before I" This is sometimes referred to as the unsuccessful business call.

Then there is the call known as 'the fifteen minute call'. It starts like this: "Is Judy there?" It is called the fifteen minute call because Judy is not allowed to talk to any one boy for more than fifteen minutes.

Type Number Three is 'the wrong-number call'. It is usually made to a beautiful girl who is waiting by her phone for it. It goes like this: "Hi-ya, Baby Doll!" Then

the caller hears a bellow of masculine laughter from the beautiful girl's brother on the extension. He invariably hangs up, and Baby Doll goes right on waiting.

Number Four is the call to a Mr. Meek. "Hey, you! Dis is Max. I wanna see ya about a li'l matter in in the 'Downbeat' right away, or else." This kind of call is fun unless Dad catches you playing gangster.

These types of phone calls are the most common with young fellows about town, but girls, too, make phoney phone calls—especially one that is frequently made to a Mrs. Nasty. A sweet little voice says to her, "Pardon me, madam, but your phone is ringing. I thought you'd like to know."

D. HAMILTON (Form VB)

A CAREER IN RETAILING

The Magazine from time to time publishes articles which, we hope, may help boys to decide what they wish to do when they leave school. In past issues Old Boys have contributed articles on R.M.C. and Oxford. For this issue yet another Old Boy has obtained for us the following article, written by Mr. Filion, Employment Manager of Henry Morgan & Co. Ltd. of Montreal. We are most grateful to both these gentlemen for their help.

"What's my line?"

This is the question that thousands of graduating students across the country are now asking themselves. Probably a number already have a more or less definite goal, and have commenced some form of professional training; others are groping and will possibly make two or three false starts before settling into the type of work to which they are best suited.

It is a time for self-analysis. Make a careful appraisal of your abilities and interests, your strengths and weaknesses. Next, obtain as much information as you can about the general requirements for success in the many

varieties of business open to today's graduates. Obviously, everyone is not equally well suited to every type of work. Some will find their greatest satisfaction in social welfare, others in research projects, and still others in the field of finance or advertising. A number will discover that retailing offers an ideal outlet for their energy, enthusiasm and ambition.

Retailing is defined as the distribution of goods and services to consumers through stores. In Canada approximately one out of every ten workers is engaged in retailing. If we exclude those employed in agriculture and related fields, the proportion is closer to 20%. Since retail sales account for considerably more than two-thirds of the nation's disposable income, retailing is big business.

While smaller stores also offer interesting and rewarding careers, a full appreciation of the wide variety of opportunities in retailing can best be obtained by examining the main divisions of the modern department store. The largest from the point of view of numbers of employees is generally referred to as the Merchandising Division,

and comprises the buying, coordinating and selling of consumer goods. In large stores there are further subdivisions into such broad areas as Fashions, Home Furnishings, etc., each under the supervision of a Divisional Manager. Individual departments such as Millinery, Men's Shoes and Toys are normally headed by a Manager and Assistant Manager. Considering that there may be as many as fifty or more such departments, it follows that the opportunities to advance from junior ranks to position of responsibility are virtually unlimited in merchandising.

Most merchandising executives start their careers as salesman, for it is only by knowing what customers want and how they respond that a Buyer/Manager can inspire and train his staff to do a more effective selling job. The successful merchandising executive possesses energy, enthusiasm, intelligence, mathematical skill, a capacity for getting along with people, and the ability to organize his time.

Store operations is the second general division. It is concerned with the warehousing and delivery of merchandise, with providing various types of customer services, and with building maintenance. This division also offers considerable scope to those capable of organizing, supervising and directing the work of others.

Sales Promotion or Publicity are the names commonly used to identify the group of creative departments which include advertising, display and public relations. Copywriters, commercial artists, production and layout men, people who can produce attractive window or fixture displays, all find stimulating and satisfying outlets for their creative energies in a large retail store.

Personnel or Staff Relations includes such functions as selection, training, placement, advancement and welfare of employees. Personnel work in department stores takes on an added significance because of the personalized nature of retailing and the large proportion of the employee group that comes into direct contact with cus-

tomers. The qualifications for success in this division include a genuine interest in and respect for people as individuals, an understanding of human behavior, an objective viewpoint, administrative ability, and sufficient flexibility to meet the demands of peak seasonal hiring and training operations.

The fifth division is generally known as the Finance, Accounting or Control Division. It is concerned with maintaining a close check on receipts and expenditures, preparing the payrolls, making available the vital statistics that reveal gross and net profit, and generally ensuring the financial soundness of the business. Since a large proportion of sales to customers are made through various types of charge accounts, the Credit Manager and his staff constitute an important part of this division. Prerequisites for success in the Controller's Division include training in mathematics and accounting principles, an understanding of financial and economic data, the ability to organize and supervise the work of large numbers of clerical employees, and a sense of economy.

Retailing is a dynamic business, offering infinite variety not only in its changing seasonal demands, but in the constant search for new products and different methods of distribution. The alert merchant is prompt to adjust his business methods in accordance with consumer trends. A rising birthrate? that means a larger market for infants' wear and nursery furniture. Have advances in medical science resulted in increased life expectancy? The progressive retailer learns the needs and tastes of a growing number of elderly people. Are more people taking up residence in the suburbs? The merchant brings stores to them, as in the case of suburban shopping centres.

A highly competitive type of business, retailing presents a day-to-day challenge that many people find particularly stimulating. It offers rapid promotion to managerial level for those with leadership qualities, extends rich rewards in the form of job satisfaction, and pays a handsome premium for creative ability and initiative.

THE PREP

PREP NOTES AT RANDOM

Last June for the first time the Remove form 1953-54 planted a maple tree near the south side of the cloisters; this inaugurated what it is hoped may become a tradition; that each graduating class from the Prep will plant a tree in the Prep grounds to which they may point with affection and pride in the years to come. Remove 1954-55 planted their tree, another maple, on the North side of the Prep cloisters recently.

A year ago some 300 bulbs were planted by boys and staff around the Prep buildings and this has resulted in a very colourful display of flowers this spring. A number of volunteer "gardeners" are now helping continue this work of beautifying the grounds around the Prep school and it is hoped that Old Boys and friends of the school will find time to come and view the results of our labours. The flower beds near the cloisters so lovingly tended by Miss Reyner in her "spare" time are particularly rewarding.

This year for the first time the position of "Leader" was created. Born out of the realisation of the need for leaders in the world and of the fact that so many of past and present leaders have received their early training at schools like B.C.S., this idea was put into effect with the object of encouraging the embryo leader at the earliest possible stage. The appointment had to be one which was hard to attain and easy to lose and yet had to have its material reward. The major requirements were ex-

emplary conduct, excellent work and a good influence on his companions as well as reliability and an ability to assume minor responsibility. Any falling from the high standard required would result in at least temporary demotion. So far this experiment has been very successful and has clearly distinguished those who had the moral fortitude to stay the course; for the going has not been easy, the desire to relax the high standard required, even for a moment, has been great and the concrete reward small. The few who have maintained this high standard are learning that the path of true leadership is difficult and often lonely and that it has its reward in a sense of service rendered and the satisfaction of a job well done. Congratulations to Miller Ayre, Tony Jessop and John Carroll for holding their appointments so long.

At Thanksgiving (1954) the present boys of the Prep and those who were with us last year presented Miss Reyner with a silver tray upon which were engraved the following words:—"Miss Reyner, in grateful thanks from the boys of the Prep, 1953 and 1954, on her 15th Thanksgiving at B.C.S."

At the end of the Easter term the annual Reading Competition was again held, and judged by Doctor Raymond. Howard was the winner. On the same day Shell presented a short play in French under the able guidance of Mrs. Smith, and pupils of Miss Betty Dawson displayed their prowess on the piano.

THE CHOIR GOES TO KINGSTON

For weeks we had been practising to go on our trip to Kingston. On Friday April 22nd we walked to the station with our bags. We waited there for almost twenty minutes. The train came and we got on. We had dinner on the train. When we got off the train we were told where we would stay overnight. We had a choir practice from 2.15 p.m. to 6.00 p.m. The next day we had another choir practice. On Sunday we sang one service on our

own, and the Kingston choir which sang in Westminster Abbey sang one by themselves too. In the evening we combined and sang another service. After the service we went upstairs and had supper; then we went to the train and boarded it. We slept on the train and I slept in the bottom bunk. In the morning we got off the train and got on another train and came back to Lennoxville where we arrived in time for lunch.

M. ROWAT (Shell)



OUR TRIP TO HILLCREST

When we went to Hillcrest we went on two busses. Remove and Form I went in the first bus. Shell and Form II went in the second bus.

Mr. Wilson showed us how to use the tow. I managed it with my first try. I went up tows number one and two, and I nearly fell on the first roller on tow number two.

In the lounge there was a piano. Col. Brine called out our names and we went into lunch and Col. Brine gave

us our mail as a surprise. We had a very good lunch indeed.

When we went out again tow number one was not working so I went on tow number two. I had a lot of fun. Then the busses came at four o'clock. We left Hillcrest at four fifteen to come back.

On arriving back at the Prep we were tired but happy. We had tuck, then we had our showers and had supper afterwards and were all ready for early bed.

J. HARRIS (Shell)



STAMP CLUB

During the year, especially in the winter months, the Stamp Club met regularly. On Sunday mornings before Chapel there was a regular half hour meeting for trading, and seeing each other's collections. Stamps of the U.S.A. proved very popular, and some boys were forming quite good collections of Canadian and British stamps. A

number of boys who had never collected before became interested, and have begun to build up collections of their own. It's fun looking up new stamps in a catalogue, and arranging them in an album. We hope to keep up a strong membership next year.

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club continued to flourish this year and a large group of boys, helped by Mr. Wilson, learned to develop and print their own films. Any boy who was interested was eligible for membership in the Club, at

a small fee to cover expenses for chemicals. It is hoped to hold a competition of examples of the members' work before the end of this Summer Term.

SOCCER REPORT

We were delighted to have the use of our new playing fields in the fall and would like to thank all those friends who helped to prepare them.

The season was quite successful, though, in spite of some good football, we did not have many victories. The Upper School defeated us early in the term but 2 drawn games with Selwyn House enabled us to retain the Wanstall Cup. The second game was very close and we only just missed scoring in the last minute.

The final team selected had very few weaknesses and was led by Miller Ayre as Captain with Tony Jessop as Vice-Captain. All the players worked hard in practice as well as in the matches.

The "Under XI" team played some good soccer but its members were rather small and light. This team will provide many useful players for next year's First XI.



FIRST SOCCER XI

Back Row: COL. BRINE, K. JAMIESON, G. GAY, D. BAILLIE, C. HOWARD, W. WATSON, MR. MCNEILL.
Front Row: C. MACPHERSON, D. McLERNON, G. JESSOP, M. AYRE, S. CUSHING, J. KILGOUR.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL BANTAM HOCKEY TEAM, 1954-55

B.C.S. Senecas

Back Row: P. MORGAN (Mgr.), W. WATSON, C. HOWARD, D. BAILLIE, B. MITCHELL, Esq., G. GAY, D. TOMLINSON, C. CARROLL, C. MACPHERSON.
Front Row: S. CUSHING, S. SETLAKWE, A. J. JESSOP (Capt.), R. YUILE, M. AYRE, J. KILGOUR.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL PEE-WEE HOCKEY TEAM, 1954-55

B.C.S. Iroquois (Eastern Townships Finalists)

Back Row: W. CHURCH (Mgr.), W. MITCHELL, P. ASHWORTH, COL. E. G. BRINE, J. SULLIVAN, A. CHRISTENSEN, D. ABBOTT.
Front Row: D. McLERNON, G. HASTINGS, K. JAMIESON (Capt.), J. CLARKE, W. HAND, J. FOX.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL PEE-WEE HOCKEY TEAM, 1954-55

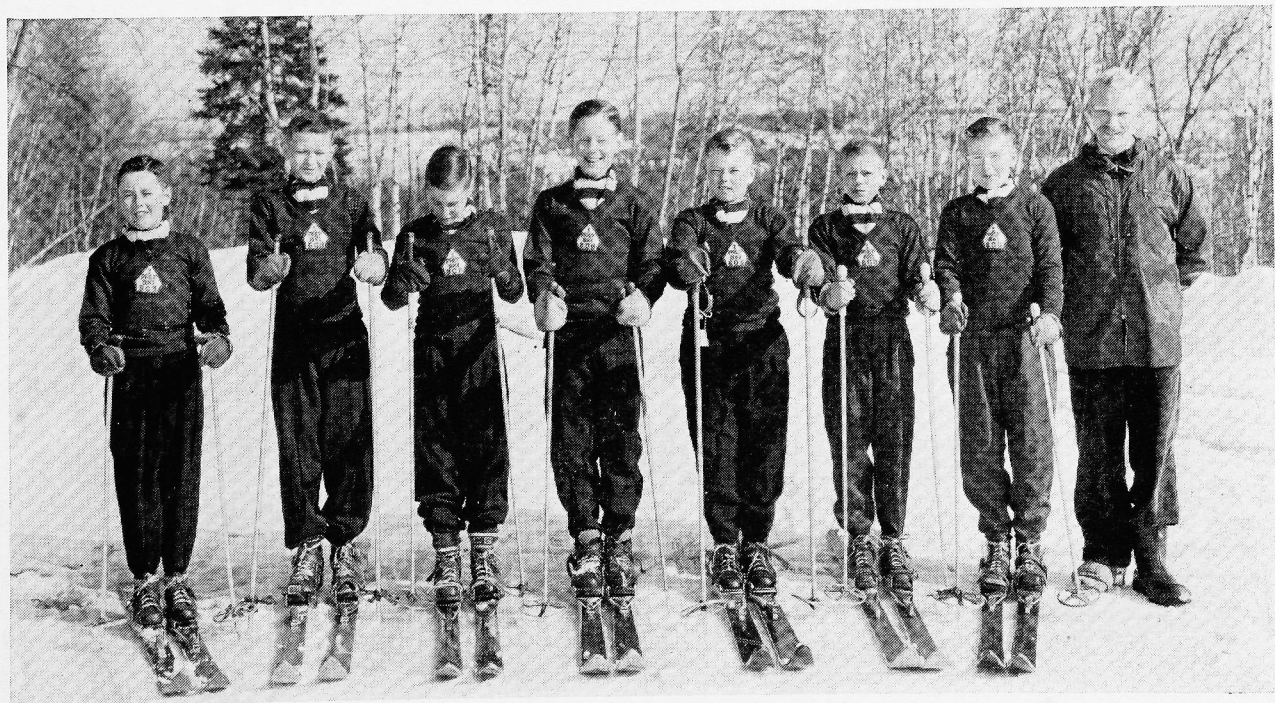
B.C.S. Micmacs

Standing: R. MACDONALD, T. PIRIE, P. STAINFORTH, G. WILSON, Esq., L. PECK (Mgr.), W. RYAN, C. KENNY, W. WEBSTER.

Middle Row: J. PATTON, M. HARRIS, H. PRESCOTT (Capt.), I. RANKIN, F. BROWN, McB. YUILE.

Front Row: J. HARRIS, K. RICE, R. BROWN, M. ROWAT.

Absent: J. PIRIE.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL SKI TEAM, 1954-55

Left to Right: McB. YUILE, K. JAMIESON, C. CARROLL, A. J. JESSOP (Capt.), R. YUILE, J. CLARKE, D. TOMLINSON, G. WILSON, Esq.

Absent: J. SULLIVAN.

PREP HOCKEY 1954-55

While the hockey season in the Prep this year was not the best from a won and lost point of view it was certainly the longest and fullest with the advent of artificial ice to the school. We had our first skate on November the sixth and our last on March the sixth.

The Prep First Team won back the Adelard Raymond Trophy from Selwyn House by a total two game score of 17-1.

The Senecas played in the Q.A.H.A. Bantam League and gave a very creditable account of themselves, as they were playing against boys at least one year older than they were. We tied Sherbrooke High School once and Lennoxville High School once. All members of the team showed a will both to learn and to work hard and can be very proud of themselves for their efforts. Much

of the credit for their success goes to Carroll, who was always a standout on defence, and to Jessop and Ayre, who played both forward and defence very proficiently.

The highlight of the hockey season in the Prep was the Iroquois game against Beebe for the district Pee Wee Championship. They literally walked over the teams in their league and the Beebe team was the first real opposition they met all season. The team played well and fought an uphill fight the whole way. The end of the game saw them down one goal after a very exciting third period.

The Mic Macs were mighty in spirit if not in average of goals per game. At no time in any of their games was there a dull moment. One cannot say that they had much success but they showed wonderful team spirit.

CRICKET 1955

The Prep have had a successful season winning all their matches. Fixtures were arranged with Ashbury College, Sedbergh School and Selwyn House School as well as with the Upper School New Boys.

The Fathers-Son game, now an annual event for which

a very fine cup has been given, also saw the Prep come out victorious against the Fathers batting left-handed. The Captain, Johnny Kilgour, won the Bowling average and Miller Ayre just edged out Stephen Cushing for the Batting prize.

SHELL

These are the boys in the class known as Shell.
When they put their minds to it they work very well.
Sometimes they don't. That causes much trouble,
They then get detention—and sometimes it's double.
Some like work best—others like games.
To be fair to them all—we won't mention names.
Of the class room each boy is considered a tenant
And at times they have captured the coveted pennant.
By and large they're a group of jolly young fellows
Who try to get Golds, and not Reds or Yellows.

A is for Abbott,
We call him "Bugs Bunny"
With his two big front teeth
He looks very funny.

B is for Brown
He sings in the Choir
When he hits a top note
The boys all call Fire!

H is for Harris
He likes being called Jack
If the Shed is not tidy
He'll make us come back.

M is for Mitchell
On hockey he's crazy
But the rules about "offside"
Often leave him quite hazy.

R is for Rankin
He's sometimes called Linc.
A very good goalie
Or that's what we think.

R is for Rice too,
We all call him "Minute"
If there's a prize for the class
We'd like him to win it.

R again is for Rowat
He's in the Choir too
And he's also a pianist
So has lots to do.

Now that is the story
Of seven little boys.
Who, like so many others,
Make plenty of noise.

PREP WRITERS' CORNER

THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE GROUNDHOG

My name is Abraham Lincoln Groundhog. I live in a snug little hole in the B.C.S. Prep playing fields. One day when I was outside my hole a two legged monster with gray fur at the top and brown at the bottom, with a long club in his hand came near my hole, and it did not move one bit, but looked at poor me all the time for nearly an hour and then walked away. Then I started to eat some grass. The next day when I was getting the fresh air all of a sudden I found my foot was inside some kind of machine and I did not like that too much so I pulled and tugged until finally I got loose and my foot came out. After that I stayed inside my hole for a long time and soon fell asleep. When I awoke it was the middle of the night and I looked out and then I stepped out of my hole and ate grass for a while and then I went to my hole and went to sleep again. In the morning I looked out and I saw a lot of things with purple fur at the top and down

at the bottom were two legs which were all grey. So I went into my hole and stayed there. In the afternoon I saw a lot of these monsters throwing something round and they hit it about two feet from my hole, for a half hour, I think, then went away. That night I saw a huge monster and it had something like a stick that had a little bump at the front and it was wider at the end. The monster went right up a little hill by my hole and went to the top and slowly and quietly it came down and the little bump was pointed right at my nose so I went in far in my hole and stayed there in case one of those round things would hit me. The tall monster stayed near my hole for a while and then slowly went away. After that they never came near my hole, I think because they were scared. For all my life after that I lived in my happy little hole, but all those huge monsters still live in the same old place.

I. RANKIN, (Shell)

ADVENTURE ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

I looked up from my work of digging a deep hole in the sand at Cacouna Beach at the bottom of the cliff where our cottage was situated, and saw something floating about a hundred yards off shore. There had been a hurricane (namely Carol) the night before, so I thought that it might be part of a shipwreck, so I got into my friend's paddle punt and went out to see what was there. It was part of the wreck of a lightship supply boat. I tried to push the wreck ashore, but the drag and the current was too much. I found that the center of the wreck would hold my weight, so I climbed on top of it and just managed to get in to the shore. As soon as the wreck was in I put the anchor from my little boat that was pulled up on the beach nearby on it so the wreck would not drift away with the tide. By then it was time for lunch so I went up to the house to eat.

As soon as lunch was finished I started to rip the wreck apart with a crowbar and an axe, and put the boards on the beach. A few two by fours had to be cut in two and that took just about the rest of the day, so the boards had to be put in a nearby shed before I went up to supper.

The next morning the first thing was to go to the store and get some nails to make a small boat out of the wood. When I got back and had found a hammer and a saw I went down to the beach. When I got there the wood had to be taken down to the sand, and then the work was started on it. After shaping the boards the boat slowly

started to be put together. The time after that must have passed very quickly because when I took a glance at my watch I saw that it was nearly time for supper, so I took the boat that was now finished to my father's boathouse that was down the beach. On the way it had to be dumped at least ten times to keep it empty of the water that leaked in so fast, because it still had a lot of open cracks. When I got there my father, with my help, took the boat to the boathouse that was about a hundred feet up the sand from the water, and then I ran home because the royal yacht was just going by on the other side of the river, and I wanted to see it through my father's telescope.

The next day being Sunday, the boat couldn't be started on in the morning, so I had to wait until the afternoon to caulk up the cracks with plastic wood and putty. That took all of the afternoon, and the next morning as soon as it was time to get up. I went to the store to get some paint, and then after breakfast, went down to the beach to spend the rest of the day painting it. When the evening came, I went to the house and made a mast out of a bamboo fishing rod, hitched a pulley to the top, and used an old plastic raincoat for the sail, as it was going to be a sailboat. The quick-drying paint was dry when I came down from breakfast, so I pushed the boat out in the water, pulled up the sail, and we were off. I sailed back and forth all day until I had finished lunch and it was time for supper. And what a day it had been!

РЕБК, (Remove)

SPRING

Oh Spring, how I love spring,
The time when robins sing,
The time when leaves turn green
So pleasant to be seen.

The sap runs from the trees,
We hear the buzzing bees,
From banks we see the snow
Melt so the grass may show.

The fishermen get out,
Hoping to catch trout;
The farmers plant their seeds
For their next winter needs.

Then come the gentle showers
To water all the flowers;
And then the warm sunshine,
But spring will pass sometime.

D. PATRIQUIN, (Form II)

LIFE ON BOARD AN OCEAN LINER

You are now at the docks and you are ready to embark on your ship. You are in a big shed and you are having your baggage checked and your passport examined and stamped. You are all excited especially if it is your first voyage. After your baggage is taken care of and your passports have been stamped you show your boat passage papers to a man and then you walk up the gangplank and on to the boat and you are shown to your cabin. You dump your belongings in your cabin and go out on deck and wave goodbye to your friends on the dock.

After a while two big tugs hook on to your ship and the liner blows its whistle and then the tugboats blow theirs. They unhook the great big cables from the dock and heave them in the water and you watch them haul them in and coil them neatly on the liner. You're now heading out to sea and the tugboats cast off and the liner whistles farewell.

As soon as you are on your way you have a lifeboat drill. You put on your life-jackets and make sure you know where to go if the ship is sinking or on fire. After your life-boat drill you go down to your cabin and unpack what you will need because when you get out to sea it is sometimes rough and hard to unpack. When you have unpacked you go to supper. You usually get all

dressed up for supper but you do not have to be all dressed up for breakfast or lunch.

An average time for crossing the ocean now is about six to seven days but some new ships do it in four days. Going to England you lose five hours' sleep and gain five hours coming back to Canada or the U.S.

There is always something to do on the boat. In the morning you can play deck games, ping-pong and other wonderful things. In the afternoon you can have afternoon tea and hear music from the boat's band or see a movie. In the evening you can play horse racing, Bingo or some other game.

If you are lucky you may be shown around the bridge or the engine room.

When you are coming into port all the derricks are unlashed and the hatch covers opened. The last night on board ship there is a farewell dinner and the next morning you get into port.

When you get inside the harbour two or more big tugs dock your boat and then you disembark and go through the Customs and get on board the boat-train and go to its destination.

J. CARROLL, (Remove)

THE FLOOD

It was a dark rainy night when Jim Hatfield, a boy of eighteen, was turning off all the lamps in a small farmhouse not far from Laketown. Just as he was getting into bed he heard the telephone ring. He lay in his bed hoping that the ringing would stop. Eventually, when it did not stop, he got up and answered it. As soon as the receiver touched his ear he heard the worried voice of the operator saying.

"I advise you to evacuate your home immediately because the dam at Laketown has broken!"

At that there was a click of a receiver, and the line was dead. The next moment Jim was spreading the alarm about the house. Soon the whole family, including Sambo

their negro servant, was assembled. Mr. Hatfield sent Sambo to get the tractor out and to load all the farm equipment onto the wagon and to take them up to the top of the hill. Then he was to come back for some furniture and clothing.

As soon as they had everything up on the hill they set up camp. The Hatfield family and their helper were up on the hill for a good week and a half.

At last the waters began to recede, and their farm was uncovered. In time they were able to go home again. Unfortunately their crops were ruined for that year—but at least they had saved their skins!

C. KENNY, (Form I)

THE SHIPWRECK

In the summer of 1947 on a very foggy night there was a grain boat called the "Keybar." It was going from Lake Superior to Prescott. The ship had got as far as Lake Ontario when the fog fell upon them. The fog was so thick that you couldn't see more than ten feet in front of you. The ship was now lost and the captain did not know whether he was going to crash into the shore or crash into another ship.

At about eleven o'clock all the men were up on deck watching for other ships when suddenly they saw the outline of a ship. It was a tanker called the "Redcloud." The captain knew that if he hit the tanker the oil would explode. So he turned the boat towards the stern of the

tanker, but the tanker was going too slowly and he hit the stern of the tanker and put a hole in it. The engine room caught fire which then spread to the oil. Then the tanker blew up. The fire caught onto the grain boat and the grain started to burn.

The men on the grain boat tried to let down the lifeboats, but they only got one down in time. Only five men got into the lifeboat; the others were all burnt. All the men on the tanker were killed by the explosion. The five men that did get away were in the boat for three days before they reached land. On the way to shore one of the men died from severe burns. Two other men were taken to hospital but were better in a week.

D. TOMLINSON, (Remove)

THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Once upon a time in a little town called Duster, there lived an old man named Mr. Howe. He was very rich and he owned a stagecoach line from Duster to Duster Centre.

One morning his assistant came into his office.

"Good morning," he said in a pleasant tone. Then his voice became serious: "I hear you are sending a shipment of gold to Duster Centre tomorrow."

"Yes," said Mr. Howe, "and I have decided to go with the stage since I haven't travelled with it for two years."

"Thank you; that's all I wanted to know."

The next morning was a fair one and Mr. Howe set out on his long journey with the stage. They had not gone far when they came to a place where there was a log across the road. They were moving it when three men on horses rode up. The leader snarled, "Reach for the sky unless you want to stop some hot lead!"

"Brander, my assistant!" cried Mr. Howe in surprise.

"Yea, Brander your assistant. Get the gold, boys, and we'll make prisoners of Howe and the driver," said Brander.

The bandits took the gold and prisoners to a cave where they tied them up.

Several hours later the lookout saw a posse coming, but it passed by.

"They've missed us," sighed the lookout with relief. But unnoticed by him one of them slipped behind a boulder, because he thought he had seen the lookout. Yes, he had. He crept cautiously into the gulley. Suddenly he pulled back. There were two men not fifteen feet from him.

He whipped out his gun and going into sight said, "Reach!"

The men slowly raised their hands. Mr. Howe came up out of the cave while the driver took care of the lookout.

"We untied ourselves in the cave just as you came," Mr. Howe said.

When they got back to Duster Mr. Howe rewarded the young man and he had no trouble on his line after that for quite a long time.

W. WEBSTER, (Form I)

NEW YORK, HERE I COME!

My first visit to New York was this Easter. I think New York is a very large city and has many beautiful buildings. My parents had been to New York many years ago. However, most people like to see good things twice. I don't see how anyone could forget about New York. I wouldn't like to live in New York because the cars, trucks and the subways under your house or apartment would make it noisy. New York has everything in every way. I mean there are always lots of things to buy and it keeps you very interested all day. I saw many plays and the one that stands out above the others is a musical called "Fanny." It has some very funny parts. Another one is a musical called "Can-Can." It too was funny in

parts. I enjoyed both of them very much. These names may sound funny, but are not once you see the plays. The taxis are always ready to take you anywhere you want. Sometimes it is easier to walk.

I also went to the Radio City Music Hall and saw the Rockettes. I liked to look at the orchestra move up and down. I think it runs on wheels and it goes off and on the stage when needed. I also went to the planetarium and learnt about the sun, moon and stars, etc. The old saying, 'you learn something every day,' is very true around New York. If you haven't been to New York you are missing something.

J. KILGOUR, (Remove)

AN EXCITING DAY

One day in the Easter holidays five friends and I went to the sugar bush and helped bring the sap in and helped the farmer boil the syrup.

We were going to have a little sugaring off just of our own, and when the syrup was ready one of my friends cried, "Fire! Fire!" and the farmer got the fire extinguisher and sprayed the fire but he used it all up. Then I had to get up on the tank of sap, hand that down in buckets to my friends and they gave it to the farmer and he sprayed it on the fire and we managed to get the fire out. A little while later the fire started again but it was only a small one and we got it out quite easily so my friends and I did not get our sugaring off, but still it was a very exciting day.

W. MITCHELL, (Shell)

IN A GARDEN

It was a bright day when we asked if we could help in Mrs. Brine's garden since we were not allowed down in the woods.

There were five of us pulling out grass that Mrs. Brine had cut with her edging tool and then shaking the earth out from under the pieces of turf. We also had a little trowel and other tools and dug out all of the weeds and turned up the soil. Sometimes we found small and big angleworms which made me think of trout fishing.

Later we had a little time to play and we ate chocolate bars that Mrs. Brine and Miss Reyner had given us. Some minutes later we came back to finish our work.

It was not ten minutes before the bell rang. We had to finish the job at another time. Now the grounds are very lovely.

J. PIRIE, (Form I)

THANKFULNESS

Good is the rain in the night,
Good is the dew in the morn,
Good are the things the Lord hath made,
Good it is to be born.

B. HAND, (Form II)

OUR PET, BARRY

Our pet is a St. Bernard dog. He is very big. He cannot yet pull a sled in winter or a cart in summer because he is too young. At night we keep him in his yard with a white picket fence around it. In the daytime we let him run freely. He usually stays very near home in the daytime and he is always home for supper! He stays out all winter and has a nice warm kennel to sleep in. On Saturdays when we are all home from school we play with him. He sometimes jumps up and puts his paws on our shoulders and knocks us over. We have a lot of fun trying to get up but after we have wrestled with him for a few minutes we always take a chance to jump up. We like our dog very much.

J. SHARP, (Form I)

MY CAT

My cat is a male and his name is Smokey. He is all gray in colour and medium in size with a long tail. He is full of pep, he runs around the house, jumps over the chairs and is a good play pet.

He runs to the door every time I come home. He also sleeps on my bed.

He eats cat food and drinks milk and he has a good appetite.

He is almost like a watch dog because every time he hears something move he begins to meow.

One night Smokey began to meow and I woke up and there was a rattling noise somewhere in the ceiling. It was a squirrel and it is still there because I heard it last night.

D. ABBOTT, (Shell)

SPRING

Flowers pop out, grass begins to show, the buds turn into leaves and the robins and all the other birds come back. All these things happen in Spring. The snow has gone and people can ride bicycles again. The birds are building their nests and laying their eggs. The sap is running and maple syrup and maple sugar will be made from it.

K. RICE, (Shell)

OLD BOYS



B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

Honorary President: THE HON. MR. JUSTICE C. G. MACKINNON ('92-'96)

Honorary Chaplain: THE RIGHT REV. LENNOX WILLIAMS, D.D. ('70-'76)

President: J. CHURCHILL-SMITH ('35-'39)

Secretary-Treasurer: P. J. AIRD, P. O. BOX 3, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL, P.Q.

Assistant Secretary: HERBERT L. HALL, ('16-'27) BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE.

DIRECTORS:

J. Cross ('28-'35) J. H. Gray ('45-'48) H. Hallward ('40-'44) P. McEntyre ('27-'35)

J. McGreevy ('23-'30) W. Molson ('33-'38) J. Rankin ('24-'27) R. Riley ('44-'51)

Since the list published in the November Bulletin, the following Old Boys have become Life Members: T. G. Henderson ('19-'22); P. Winkworth ('40-'49); B. Hutchison ('06-'11); B. H. MacDougall ('48-'54); D. Price ('46-'50); R. N. Cockfield ('38-'42); G. Johnston ('96-'02); T. B. Cresswell ('43-'48); H. Doheny ('26-'33); C. L. O. Glass ('28-'32); J. W. Moreland ('34-'39).

The following chart proves interesting:

30th April, 1954: Total Old Boys: 1320; Life Members: 99; Annual: 231.

30th April, 1955: Total Old Boys: 1349; Life Members: 112; Annual: 231.

The Directors of the Association again wish to thank all Old Boys for their loyal support throughout the past year which has been so successful.

The School gratefully acknowledges the following bequests and gifts:

Owing to the generosity of the late Miss Harriet Kane, the School has been enriched by a number of valuable scholarships. In her will, Miss Kane left money to finance a number of Roderick A. C. Kane Scholarships in memory of her brother, the late Roderick A. C. Kane ('88-'93). This year four of these scholarships are to be awarded to "deserving boys".

The Roderick A. C. Kane Scholarships, maximum total value of \$5,000.00 each: Four of these scholarships will be awarded this year for the school year 1955-1956. Each scholarship, which has an annual value of \$1,000.00, is open to "deserving boys" at the School, or entering the School at any level in the High School grades, and is tenable, if a satisfactory standard of work is maintained, up to and including the Senior Matriculation year. Candidates, who must be Canadian, British or United States subjects, will not be required to sit for examinations, but must submit two letters of recommendation, one of which must be from a teacher with whom they have worked or are working, and a copy of their last school report. The letters of recommendation should cover such points as character, qualities of leadership, distinction in any field and general worthiness.

Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22) donated a new moving picture projector to the School.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Duffield have donated a tape recorder to the School.

Brig. G. V. Whitehead ('08-'14) has donated 100 books to the Peter Holt Memorial Library.

Mr. Justice W. B. Scott forwarded a copy of "Prelude to Dunkirk" to the School.

G. M. Drummond ('25-'32) has made a second gift of classical records to the School.

WEDDINGS:

V. R. Bennett ('40-'47) to Miss M. Cyr in Edmunston, N.B., on June 4th.

W. C. Boswell ('41-'47) to Miss L. Magee, in Montreal, December 29th.

R. W. Smith ('39-'44) to Miss D. Davis, in Ottawa, January 15. Ushers were A. C. Abbott ('45-'49) and T. E. Hodgson ('41-'44).

H. G. Hallward ('40-'44) to Miss M. Fisher, in Montreal, January 21. J. A. Fuller ('40-'44) was an usher.

C. A. Gordon ('41-'47) to Miss L. Hodgson in January.

P. Fisher ('40-'45) to Miss B. Edwards, in Halifax, in February. M. P. Fisher ('37-'42) and E. M. S. Fisher ('35-'42) were ushers.

A. C. Abbott ('45-'49) to Miss N. Smith, sister of R. W. Smith ('39-'44), in Ottawa, February 19. R. W. Smith was an usher.

J. H. Gray ('45-'48) to Miss P. Taylor, in Montreal, February 26. Best man was D. McMaster ('45-'48) and ushers were: D. Glassford ('44-'48); E. LeMessurier ('44-'48); J. Scholes ('42-'48).

R. Hickey ('43-'46) to Miss F. Mitchell, in Pryor, Oklahoma, U.S.A., March 3.

J. P. Macintosh ('17-'21) to Mrs. D. J. Hornig, widow of Dr. G. Hornig, of Glen Head, L.I., and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Jacobs, of Montreal and Bolton Centre, in Bolton Centre, P.Q., on April 9.

J. M. Scholes ('42-'48) to Miss I. Painter, in Montreal, April 29.

R. R. McMaster ('44-'47) to Miss L. Rottweiler, in Montreal, April 30.

D. N. Stoker ('38-'45) to Miss E. Calder, on May 9, in Montreal.

D. F. L. Martin ('43-'49) to Miss B. Fairfield, in Winnipeg, May 21.

D. M. Vass ('44-'47) to Miss L. Whittick, in Westmount, May 28.

BIRTHS:

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Whitelaw (master '49-'53), a daughter, Montreal, in November.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Powis ('36-'39), a son in Montreal, November 3.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Atkinson ('36-'39), a son, in Montreal, November 7.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Peck ('40-'43), a son, in Montreal, November 12.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Evans ('43-'45), a son, in Vancouver, November 16.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Pilgrim, master in Upper School, a son, in Sherbrooke, November 23.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Trotter ('36-'39), a son, in Montreal, December 20.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Goodson, ('33-'38), a daughter, in Montreal, December 21.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Collier ('35-'40), a daughter, in New London, Conn., U.S.A., February 2.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wallace ('39-'45), a son, in Montreal, February 3.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hampson ('42-'46), a son, in Ottawa, February 5.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Aird ('41-'44), a son, in Montreal, February 13.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Ronalds ('39-'41), a daughter, in Toronto, February 16.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Molson ('33-'38), a son, in Montreal, February 17.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. C. McGreevy ('23-'31), a son, in Quebec, February 20.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Skelton ('37-'41), a daughter, Cardiff, Wales, March 17.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Sewell ('33-'43), a daughter, in Franquelin, P. Q., March 19.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gordon (master '49-'54), a son, in Edmonton, April 16.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. W. Hancock ('40-'43), a son, in London, England, May 6.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Sise ('23-'29), a daughter, in Montreal, May 6.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Flintoft ('35-'41), a daughter, in Calgary, May 6.

DEATHS:

We regret to report the death of the following, and to the members of the respective families we extend our sympathy:

J. T. Ross, father of J. G. Ross ('09-'17), died in Quebec City on November 22.

The Rt. Rev. R. Roxborough-Smith, Dean of Divinity at Bishop's University from '21-'26, and Bishop of Algoma from '26-'39, father of E. R. Smith ('21-'27) and S. R. Smith ('21-'26), died in Hove, England, on March 5.

Philippe Roy ('19-'23) died in Montreal, on April 26.

H. P. Douglas, father of C. L. and P. L. Douglas ('16-'20) died in Montreal on May 4.

Lt. Col. B. C. Hutchison, E.D., ('06-'11), former C. O. of the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, died in Montreal on May 11. He was President of the Old Boys' Association in 1936-37.

CONGRATULATIONS

Brig. G. V. Whitehead ('08-'14), Honorary Lieut.-Col. of Royal Montreal Regiment, unveiled a plaque honouring men of the unit who died in the 2nd World War, after the regiment had attended annual Remembrance Day Services held at Westmount War Memorial. Later, he was present at the third ceremony of the day when the city of Westmount honoured the regiment with the Freedom of the City.

Hon. G. Marler ('14-'17) won the St. Antoine - Westmount Federal by-election on November 26. In the same by-election, E. Chambers ('36-'39) was the Progressive-Conservative candidate.

H. Ryshpan ('48-'51) took the part of David in the Everyman Players' production of John Drinkwater's, "A Man's House", in the Church of the Messiah on December 5.

Flt. Lt. M. F. Doyle ('37-'41) was promoted to Squadron Leader in the annual New Year's Promotion List. He is now serving in a Sabre Squadron overseas as a pilot.

W. A. Bishop ('35-'41) in December was appointed western manager of Ronalds Advertising Agency and moved to Edmonton. For the past eight years he was with the Montreal office. Previous to that he had been a reporter on the Winnipeg Daily Star.

Sherman Holley ('36-'42), 720 Raleigh Ave., Norfolk, Va., U.S.A., is Union President, Hampton Roads Local No. 219, American Newspaper Guild (CIO).

G. G. Ryan, O.B.E., ('15-'17) was elected an alderman in Westmount's civic elections held in January.

H. M. MacDougall ('42-'47), by a flying tackle, brought down the bandit who attempted two bank holdups within fifteen minutes of one another on St. Catherine St. near Peel in Montreal, in mid-January. In February, the manager of the Bank of Montreal presented him with a gold watch and cheque.

P. L. Douglas ('16-'20) became Executive Vice-President of the Otis Elevator Co. on January 1. He has been with the Otis Co. since 1924, except for a second-world-war tour in the office for Emergency Management.

B. Day ('40-'45), National Secretary of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Toronto, was the author of "Should the U.N. Charter Be Changed?", published in January by the Institute, in the Behind the Headlines pamphlet. In February, he attended a con-

ference of Canadian and American educators and business men in Washington, D.C.

J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39) was elected in February, President, and H. G. Hallward ('40-'44), Secretary, of the Canadian Squash Racquets Association, each for the second time. Hallward was given much credit for the success of the Canadian Squash Racquets Tournament held on February 5-6 at the Montreal Badminton and Squash Club. He and Churchill-Smith both officiated at the presentation of prizes.

T. Price ('44-'48), D. Stoker ('38-'45), D. McMaster ('45-'48), H. C. MacDougall ('16-'22), R. R. McLernon ('26-'30), D. Doheny ('27-'34), all took part in the singles or doubles events of the Canadian Racquets Championship Tournament held at the Montreal Club on February 5. In the doubles semi-finals, R. R. McLernon ('26-'30) and his partner were defeated, but only after five sets had been played. A picture in the Montreal Star of February 5, shows J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39) facing the world champion Diehl Mateer in the Canadian Squash Racquets Tournament. In the same tournament D. Churchill-Smith ('39-'42) and H. Hallward ('40-'44) also took part.

Hazen Sise ('18-'23), in February, was one of a team of five Montreal architects awarded \$5,000 as 1st prize for the Vancouver Civic Auditorium Design Contest.

J. Pratt ('48-'54) won the "B" Group Slalom in the Provincial Skiing Championship held at Hillcrest, North Hatley, on February 13, and was awarded the Hillcrest Trophy.

Wilson Patterson ('44-'50), baritone, and graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto, was heard on February 20, on the C-I-L Singing Stars of Tomorrow programme, over CFCF, Montreal.

Dr. D. J. Dodds ('35-'40) completed his post-graduate course at Harvard in March and is now practising medicine at Curling, Newfoundland.

Dr. D. G. Mackay ('17-'25) was joint chairman for the drive conducted in February for the Mackay School for the deaf.

A. J. H. Richardson ('24-'32), for the past few years head of the Map Division of the Public Archives, Ottawa, was, late in 1954, appointed Superintendent of Historic Parks and Sites for the National Parks Branch of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources. He was a member of the reception committee when the Governor-General paid Fort Chambly an official visit at the end of March.

Time magazine, in its March 21 issue, in an article on C. M. Drury ('25-'29), Deputy Minister of National Defense, referred to him as "one of Canada's ablest civil servants."

Harry E. Griffiths, formerly master in the Upper School in the 1930's, has been appointed Director of McGill's

Department of Athletics. Until now, he has been Manager of Varsity Stadium in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Finley ('36-'43) leave for Cincinnati in June and will be away at least a year. He is taking courses in Pediatrics there.

Old Boys will be interested in reading Merrill Denison's book, "The Barley and The Stream", which is the story of the Molson family in Canada.

A special parade was held at the Black Watch (RHR) of Canada armory on Bleury St., Montreal, on April 19 to pay tribute to the Honorary-Colonel, Col. G. S. Cantlie, father of S. Cantlie ('16-'20) and grandfather of G. Cantlie (48-'52). Col. Cantlie, recently awarded the Canadian Forces Decoration with three clasps for long and efficient service, has 70 years' service with the Black Watch. He joined the regiment March 20, 1885. Capt. E. Whitehead ('42-'49) commanded the Guard of Honour.

Peter McEntyre ('27-'35) was elected in April to the board of directors of the Boys' Clubs of Canada, which now have 50 clubs in 20 Canadian cities.

Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22) is Chairman of the Board of Directors for the Red Feather Appeal.

B. G. Day ('40-'45) has been elected an officer of the Toronto Branch of the Bishop's University Alumni Association.

General A. G. L. MacNaughton ('00-'05) and Brigadier A. Hamilton Gault ('95-'97) were among the many guests at the Banquet, commemorating the 40th anniversary of the 2nd Battle of Ypres, held in Montreal on April 23. Brig. Gault addressed the large gathering.

B. M. Ogilvie ('19-'24) was elected Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Blue Cross Hospital Organization in April.

H. deM. Molson ('18-'21; '23-'24) was one of the two honorary chairman of the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society's annual campaign held in May.

E. Chambers ('36-'39) and H. Swetland formed a new insurance brokerage firm in Montreal in May.

A group of veterans of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry paid their respects to Brig. A. Hamilton Gault ('95-'97), the founder of their Regiment, when, during a three day celebration held in Toronto in May, a performance of "The Dumbells" was staged in Massey Hall, with members of the original cast which had disbanded about 30 years ago, taking part. Brig. Gault not only raised the Regiment, but equipped it, paid for it and led it into battle.

At the Annual Awards Banquet held at Bishop's University on May 7, J. Pratt ('48-'54) received the Best Athlete Award of the University and also received a Major crest for Football and a crest for Hockey. B. Mitchell ('45-'53) received a Major crest for Football and a Minor for Hockey. G. S. Cantlie (48-'52) was

awarded one of the special awards of the Board of Publications.

Following the annual meeting of the directors of the Ontario Paper Co., the Quebec North Shore Paper Co., and associated Canadian subsidiaries, in May, H. A. Sewell ('06-'09), one of eight vice-presidents elected, was named vice-president, woodlands.

J. Williams ('45-'53) received a Minor award in both Rugby and Hockey. J. Rider ('53-'54) received a Major award in both Rugby and Basketball. A. S. Johnson ('47-'51) received a Crest for Badminton. J. Pratt ('48-'54) also received an award for Skiing. The best Athlete Award referred to above, is offered by the Students' Executive Council of the University, and awarded on the basis of a college-wide vote by the male students.

M. S. Wallace ('39-'45) received his C.A. in December.

At the annual Photographic Exhibition held at Lumley House, London, England, on October 14 and sponsored by the magazine 'Lumley's of Lloyd's', J. W. Gallop ('51-'54) received three awards—The Special Prize under 21, Class A, for his entry "Tranquility"; Class C Hon. mention), "The American Point of View"; and Special Prize for Colour Print "New York Skyline". Mr. T. H. Jones, the judge of the entries, in his address, said of Gallop: "If one looks at print No. 15 (Tranquility), one will find that a very good effort has been made by a very young mind searching for a means of expressing sunshine and shade. In the same way that a writer uses words and a painter uses colour, a photographer must use gradation. It is impossible to show light unless you also show shade. Our young author there in the under 21 class has achieved a very fine piece of work, and a little bit later when he realises the infinite gradation and tone one can obtain, I feel he has a great future in front of him."

T. M. Gillespie ('25-'29) was assistant co-ordinator of decorations for the Prize Party, sponsored by the Junior League, held at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, on November 13.

ITEMS OF NEWS:

G. Buch ('29-'38) was in Chapel, November 7.

S. Dodds ('35-'43) is doing engineering work for the Department of National Defence in Toronto.

K. Stirling ('50-'54) is Cadet Captain, H.M.C.S. Venture, Esquimaux, B.C.

The following were in Chapel for the School Carol Service on December 12: R. Scheib ('42-'50); V. Scheib ('42-'49); D. Ashworth ('43-'49); M. A. Ashworth ('47-'53); T. Peters ('50-'54); H. W. Davis ('18-'23); J. Gallop ('51-'54); J. Pratt ('48-'54); J. Rider ('53-'54).

Lt. Commander A. O. Gray ('36-'42) is Staff Officer at H.M.C.S. Carleton, Ottawa.

D. Phelps ('41-'44) has been in San Francisco the past year. His address is 1040 Mason St., San Francisco, Calif.

His brother, Dr. E. Phelps ('35-'38), after two years in England, is back in Montreal.

Brig. G. V. Whitehead ('08-'14), Honorary Lieut.-Col. R.M.R., was one of the patrons of the R.M.R. annual ball which took place at the Armory on January 28.

The following were down for the Molson's Old Boys' hockey game against the School on January 22: Score 5-3 for the School: W. Molson ('33-'38), Captain; H. McGee ('46-'50) and his wife; T. Price ('44-'48); D. Price ('46-'50); D. Stoker ('38-'45) and his fiancée; P. Satterthwaite ('39-'45); J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39); H. Norsworthy ('36-'39); J. Ross ('44-'48); H. L. Price ('42-'46) and his wife; R. McBoyle ('40-'44); J. Tyler ('42-'44); J. Cross ('27-'35) was Old Boys' referee. H. MacDougall ('42-'47) and his wife; J. Winder ('39-'49); J. B. Winder ('42-'52); R. Boright ('46-'51) were present at the game. After the game, the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass entertained the Old Boys' and members of the staff and wives.

H. McGee ('46-'50) is a partner in K. B. McKellar & Co., Ltd, Montreal. He and his wife live at 5915, Decarie Blv'd, Apt. 9, Montreal, P. Q.

P. Satterthwaite ('39-'45) is with the American National Gas Co., Detroit, U.S.A.

W. Satterthwaite ('40-'46) is with Rankin, Remington, Rand Corp., Ltd, Montreal.

D. A. Price ('46-'50) is with the Bank of Montreal in Montreal. He and his wife live at 868, Canora Road, Town of Mount Royal, P. Q.

J. Ross ('44-'48) is with Cockfield, Brown Co., Montreal.

J. Tyler ('42-'44), upon the death of his father last year, took over management of Standard Cottons Ltd., Montreal.

R. McBoyle ('40-'44) is with MacLean, Kennedy Steamship Co., Montreal.

Eugene Peirce ('48-'52) is with the Bank of Montreal in Montreal.

The following were down for the second Old Boys' hockey game, on February 5. The School team won 4-2; J. Gray ('45-'48) and his fiancée; A. MacFarlane ('44-'47); P. Reaper ('48-'50); H. McGee ('46-'50); D. Wilks ('47-'51); T. Price ('44-'48); M. Collier ('45-'48) and his wife; D. Price ('46-'50) and his wife; D. Glassford ('44-'48) and his wife; D. McMaster ('45-'48); F. Rider ('40-'48); J. Gilmour ('44-'49) and his wife; J. Ross ('44-'48) and his wife. After the game, the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass entertained for the Old Boys' and the members of the staff and wives.

P. Reaper ('48-'50) is in the Merchandise Department of Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

D. Wilks ('47-'51) is with the Standard Life Assurance Co., Montreal.

A. MacFarlane ('44-'47) is in 4th year Engineering, McGill. His brother, Thomas, ('40-'43) is in 3rd year Arts, McGill.

M. Collier ('45-'48) is with the Dominion Engineering Co., Montreal. He and his wife and young son live at 476, Wood Ave., Westmount.

D. Glassford ('44-'48) is with his father's Company in Montreal. His brother, Peter ('44-'49) is with Peat, Marrick, Mitchell, Accountants, Montreal. He is working for his C.A.

F. Rider ('40-'48) is with Ronalds Advertising Agency. He and his wife and young son live at 6087, Terrebonne Ave, N.D.G., Montreal.

J. Gilmour ('44-'49) is with the Johnson & Johnson Co., Montreal. He and his wife live at 572, Abercorn Ave, Town of Mount Royal.

J. Gray ('45-'48) is with the Industrial Development Bank, Montreal. He and his wife live at 5010, MacDonald Ave, Apt. 27, Cote St. Luc, Montreal.

J. Scholes ('42-'48) is with the Royal Trust Co., Montreal.

W. Scholes ('42-'48) is with an Investment Company in Montreal.

N. MacFarlane ('36-'41) is in Geneva, Switzerland, taking the course offered by the Aluminum Company of Canada.

F. Winsor ('36-'37) is with the Aluminium Company of Canada, and was transferred to Ottawa in the new year.

V. Scheib ('42-'49) in February left for the west of Canada where he is representing two shoe companies.

B. Buchanan ('51-'54) was a stage-hand for Bishop's University's production of "Macbeth", February 17-19, directed by W. Currie, Esq., master at the School.

The "Indian Head" constructed by McGreer Hall students, among them J. Pratt ('48-'54) and J. Rider ('53-'54), was declared winner of the Snow Sculptures at the Bishop's University First Winter Carnival held February 4-5. J. Williams ('45-'53) organized the Snow Sculpture Contest. J. Pratt ('48-'54) won the Open Downhill Skiing Race and also the Slalom. J. Chapman ('46-'50) came 3rd in Slalom. In the beer-drinking ski race, J. Gallop ('51-'54) just missed coming first.

P. Romer ('48-'53) is in the Textile Business in Montreal.

R. Southward ('51-'53) is with the Canadian International Paper Co., Montreal.

D. Duclos ('36-'39) is with the Ronalds Printing Co., Montreal.

J. C. K. Hugessen ('45-'51) was a member of the McGill skiing team. He visited the School February 9-10.

R. L. Evans met the following Old Boys in the Laurentians at the Ski Meets held there in February: Sandy Mills ('37-'40); D. Faerman ('43-'48); E. Bronfman ('43-'45); C. Peirce ('45-'51); W. Anglin ('35-'38); R. McMaster ('44-'47); W. Ogilvie ('42-'48); J. Ogilvie ('47-'54); D. Hobart ('45-'52); A. Finley ('36-'43).

J. Hugessen ('45-'51) was an official for the Redbirds—School Boys meet held at St. Sauveur, February 26-27.

The annual Meeting and Dinner of the Old Boys' Association took place at the Montreal Club on February 17. The directors of the Association were congratulated for the results of their work accomplished on behalf of the School and Association. J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39) was again elected president. W. M. Molson ('33-'38) was elected to take the place of G. W. Hall ('16-'26) who resigned after being in office over four (4) years. Seated at the Head Table were: The President, J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39); W. G. Mann, Personnel Advisor to the Bank of Montreal, the Guest Speaker; Hon. Mr. Justice C. G. MacKinnon ('92-'96), the Honorary-President of the Association Hon. Mr. Justice W. Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22); the Headmaster, C. L. O. Glass ('28-'32); the former Headmaster, Col. C. G. M. Grier; H. L. Hall ('16-'27). The President, after reading letters from the Rt. Rev. Lennox Williams ('70-'76) and Dr. S. P. Smith, regretting their inability to be present, expressed the Association's pleasure at the presence of Col. C. G. M. Grier. The toast to the School was proposed by Mr. Justice Mitchell and the guest speaker spoke on the role that psychology should play in directing a person to the position for which he is fitted. The Headmaster thanked Mr. Mann and reported on the progress of the School in work and in sports.

D. Phelps ('41-'44) is working at V. C. Morris's, a very large gift store on Maiden Lane off Union Square, in San Francisco, and designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. In his letter of February 28, Phelps enclosed a cutting of a newspaper article on San Francisco written by Ross Smith ('39-'44) of the Ottawa Journal.

An interesting letter from G. Findley ('44-'52), received in early March, gives us his news since leaving the School. He joined the U.S. Navy in October '52 and after graduating from the Naval Academy Prep he was sent to the Electronics Technician School at Great Lakes, Ill., for a 36 weeks' course, consisting of basic electricity, basic electronics, operation and maintenance of transmitters and receivers, radar, sonar. Upon graduation, he was sent to Norfolk, Va., to help recommission the ship on June 18 and after a training and testing period, mainly because of their first American-made steam catapults, they went to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, for their shake-down cruise. After many drills and flight operations, and their first visit to a foreign port, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, "from whence we came laden with alligator purses, shoes and mahogany, we recently returned with the feeling of 'salts' to our home port here in Norfolk". He has been promoted twice since recruit training and is now an ET 3, or electronics technician third class petty officer. At the end of May they sail for the Mediterranean where they will join the Sixth Fleet for operations until December.

He hopes to visit in foreign ports, take pictures and get a bit of skiing. His name is on the ship's soccer and tennis teams and he hopes to play some matches while in Europe. His address is: Garvin Findley ET 3, OE Division, U.S.S. Intrepid, C.V.A.-11, % FPO New York, N.Y.

Lt. Col. W. S. Tyndale ('31-'37), Commanding Officer the McGill University Contingent of the C.O.T.C., presided at the annual dinner held February 25.

Dr. and Mrs. D. Mackay ('17-'25) were in Chapel February 27.

M. Whitehead ('42-'51) and C. Stewart-Patterson ('45-'51), both students at Cambridge University, England, flew to Montreal in mid-March to spend a vacation at home.

C. Wanklyn ('38-'40) was heard on the C.B.C. on March 7, speaking on his personal impressions of Tangier at the beginning of what corresponds to our Lenten season there.

The annual Invitation Squash Tournament was held at the School March 12-13, under the leadership of J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39) and assisted by H. Hallward ('40-'44), who was runner-up for the Malcolm Seafeld Grant ('26-'32) Trophy, again won by J. Foy of Montreal. J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39) and T. E. Price ('44-'48) likewise participated. Saturday night, J. Churchill-Smith and his wife and H. Hallward and his wife entertained at Elmwood, Lennoxville, for the members who were down for the Tournament and for the Headmaster, Col. Brine, G. H. Moffat and H. L. Hall. The following Old Boys were spectators at the Tournament; G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); D. Doheny ('27-'34); J. Rankin ('24-'27).

The following Old Boys were present for the Directors' Meeting held at the School on March 12: Mr. Justice Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22); R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); D. Doheny ('27-'34).

W. W. Badger ('43-'53) was in Chapel on March 20.

J. O'Halloran ('49-'54) visited the School on March 26.

G. R. Sharwood ('46-'48) is in his final year at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he is reading Law. In December of this year, he plans to write the English Bar finals and hopes to be called to the English Bar (Gray's Inn) in February of next year after which he expects to return to Canada.

Archdeacon C. G. Hepburn ('05-'08) conducted the private funeral service in Ottawa on April 28 for Sir Lyman Duff.

The following Old Boys were present at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, on April 24th when the School Choir sang there: Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22); B. M. Ogilvie ('19-'24); H. C. MacDougall ('16-'22); D. Doheny ('27-'34); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); General Elkins ('95-'99); M. Evans ('47-'50); L. Bailey ('49-'53). Evans and Bailey are both attending Queen's University.

M. A. Ashworth ('47-'53) played for the Westmount Wanderers Cricket Team in the game against the School on April 30. The School won 78-56.

S. Angus ('45-'50) visited the School on April 30.

The following Old Boys are Officers in the Black Watch (RHR), Montreal: J. Kemp ('33-'36); J. Gibb-Carsley ('21-'26); E. Whitehead ('42-'49); W. Boswell ('41-'47); W. Doheny ('30-'38); T. Price ('44-'48); E. Chambers ('36-'39); D. Glassford ('44-'48); L. Walls ('42-'47); G. Huggett ('37-'43). Terry Peters ('50-'54) is an Officer Cadet.

The following Old Boys are Officers in the Canadian Grenadier Guards, Montreal: Rt. Hon. Lord Shaughnessy ('35-'38); W. Satterthwaite ('40-'46); D. Turnbull ('44-'51).

Old Boys, especially of the past seven years, will regret to learn that Mrs. M. Rogers, private secretary at the School, had to resign in March due to illness. Letters received in April indicate that rest is helping her to make a good recovery. We extend every best wish for a speedy and complete recovery.

The following Directors were present for the Directors' Staff Dinner on May 6: The Chairman, W. Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); the Vice-Chairman, R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); H. W. Davis ('18-'23); D. Doheny ('27-'34); H. H. Smith ('19-'27); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); J. Churchill-Smith ('36-'39); G. H. MacDougall ('24-'30).

The following Old Boys played on the Old Boys' Team against the School Cricket Team on May 7. The School Team won the match 137-39: P. T. Molson ('35-'38); J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39); D. Duclos ('36-'39); Fred Fuller ('40-'44); H. Hallward ('40-'44); J. H. Gray ('45-'48); T. Price ('44-'48); F. Rider ('40-'48); F. Whittall ('31-'39); H. M. MacDougall ('42-'47); D. McMaster ('45-'48).

R. R. McLernon ('26-'30) and wife; C. Duclos ('36-'39) and wife; J. Redpath ('50-'54) were at the Sunday morning service held in the Assembly Hall on May 8.

An Old Boys' hockey team played against an L.C.C. Old Boys' team on the new L.C.C. rink early in April. L.C.C. won 5-4. P. Aird ('41-'44) scored two goals.

J. Udd ('52-'54) flew to Brazil in May for a few weeks' holiday.

Lieut. L. H. Walls ('42-'47) accompanied Lieut. Col. J. Bourne, C. O. of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, at the Annual Inspection of the School Cadet Corps on May 18. Old Boys present were: Major W. Doheny ('30-'38) and Capt. E. Chambers ('36-'39) of the Black Watch; W. O. Sharp ('19-'23); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); Mr. Justice Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); J. Gallop ('51-'54); G. Cantlie ('48-'52); B. Buchanan ('51-'54); J. MacNaughton ('48-'53); J. B. Winder ('42-'52); W. S. Pollock ('49-'53); W. H. Spafford ('42-'51).

W. S. Pollock ('49-'53) has just finished his first year at University of New Brunswick.

T. M. Gillespie ('25-'29) was one of the judges of the competition of Floral Arrangements for Amateurs for the Fête des Fleurs which took place at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts on May 31.

T. B. Wheeler ('49-'52), Quebec City, visited the School on May 20.

R. Ross ('47-'52) visited the School on May 21. He has just completed 2nd year at University of New Brunswick.

K. Stevenson ('46-'51) visited the School on May 21.

J. Lawrence ('40-'49) was in Chapel on May 22.

J. Sims ('23-'29), Grand'mère, W. Badger ('43-'53), B. H. MacDougall ('48-'54), visited the School on May 14.

The following Old Boys played on the Chairman's Cricket Team which played the School Team on May 14: W. Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); H. W. Davis ('18-'23); D. Doheny ('27-'34); B. Mitchell ('45-'53).

J. M. Clarke ('28-'36) played on the Fathers' Cricket Team against the Prep Team on May 14.

A. Boswell ('25-'34), J. Baillie ('33-'34), W. Badger ('43-'53) were in Chapel on May 15 for the Confirmation Service conducted by the Archbishop of Quebec.

THE CEREMONY OF TURNING THE FIRST SOD FOR THE BUILDINGS DONATED BY J. K. L. ROSS

For one reason and another the numbers of the School fell off, a process which was actually augmented by a very large enlistment during the early years of the Great War. By 1916, Commander J. K. L. Ross ('86-'91), Chairman of the Board of Directors, had decided on a drastic change. In the course of the year he made a dramatic purchase of large tracts of land across the St. Francis River. On October 9th, 300 persons, and a field mouse, attended the ceremony of turning the first sod of the million dollar school donated by Commander Ross. As the party arrived at the imposing slope, the site for the future school, the Union Jack was run up and the band played the National Anthem. The mouse was not scheduled on the programme, but it jumped into the proceedings in such lively fashion that Commander Ross said it would be incorporated as a part of the school crest. (Though the mouse has not made its appearance on the crest as yet, it appears on two shields over the entrances of the present buildings). The Headmaster, Mr. Williams, then briefly announced the purpose of the gathering, and this was promptly followed by the turning of the first sod by Mrs. Ross, equipped with a handsomely ornamented spade adorned with Mr. Ross's yachting colours of black and gold. Quoting Mr. Ross's speech from the Gazette of October 9th. "We are to-day gathered to turn the first sod for a new school of which you and future generations, I trust, will not be ashamed as a Canadian institution of learning. I would like to explain our reasons for moving away from the old school buildings across the river. When I returned this spring I found that the accommodations at the old school were being taxed to their maximum. After talking the matter over with the Headmaster, I found that the number of boys who would come in September would be more than the present buildings could accommodate. I may say that the present buildings are not owned by the School, but are simply leased from the

University. I therefore approached the University authorities, asking them for a long enough extension of the lease to permit us to put up new buildings to take care of the new students in the coming years, and also asked for a lease of more lands. But owing to legal difficulties, which they considered insurmountable, they did not see their way clear to give any extension of the present lease. It was therefore necessary for us to choose a new site, and we have chosen the site we are now standing on as the best available in this neighbourhood. This site is in the town of Lennoxville, and one of the main reasons for staying in Lennoxville is for the sake of the old associations. In the past all Old Boys said that they had gone to 'Lennoxville', not to 'Bishop's College School', so that in future it has been decided that this school shall be known as 'Lennoxville School', and I am very proud to-day to see my wife turn the first sod for an institution which I hope will become a valuable national asset".

The new Lennoxville School will be one of the finest on the continent, and will be built at a cost of nearly a million dollars. The buildings will be grouped around a double quadrangle, and will be in the Tudor style, of brick and stone. They have been planned by Mr. Kenneth G. Rea, and work will start at once, so that it is hoped the initial activities of the school will start next fall. Ultimately it is intended that the school shall give accommodation for between 300 and 400 boys. It will probably take several years before the whole pile is completed, but as it goes on the work of the school will grow. As a school it will be an entirely separate corporation from Bishop's College, although working in friendly co-operation with that institution. The new Preparatory School will accommodate 60 boys. The Housemaster's house is at the west end with entrance to each flat. To the east of this, joined by a cloister 70 feet long, is the dining hall block. The Upper school, to be built later, will be situated to the



THE NEW BUILDINGS. 1918

east of this block, joined to it by a cloister. A short distance from the Upper School there has been left space for an additional building when it is required. The Chapel—a dignified structure—will be placed at the north side of the quadrangle. Other buildings are the Headmaster's house; the gymnasium with swimming and shower baths; a covered rink; a boat house; and an infirmary with modern equipment. The power house which is already built supplies the heating for all the buildings, and contains compressors for pumping the water from the artesian wells—from which 3,000 gallons per hour can be pumped—into two 45,000 gallon tanks. The electric light will also be controlled from this building. From the power house a 10 foot tunnel will connect all buildings. In front of the Preparatory building and to the west of it are the playing fields, the cricket field surrounded by a running track, the stadium and pavilion. In the driveways, ave-

nues and walks will be planted 5,000 Lombardy poplars, and two large quadrangles extending from the Prep will be planted with trees all around, on the Oxford and Cambridge principle. The corner stone of the new school was laid by His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, and on June 27, 1918, he officially opened part of the buildings of the huge scheme, war conditions delaying the completion of the whole plan. Commander Ross's dream was an ambitious one, and, in the light of subsequent events, it is fortunate that it was never realized. By 1918 the Preparatory School, Dining-room block and power house had been completed, and in that year were occupied by the smaller boys in charge of A. Wilkinson, Esq. The Upper School boys remained in their old surroundings under S. P. Smith, Esq., until 1922.

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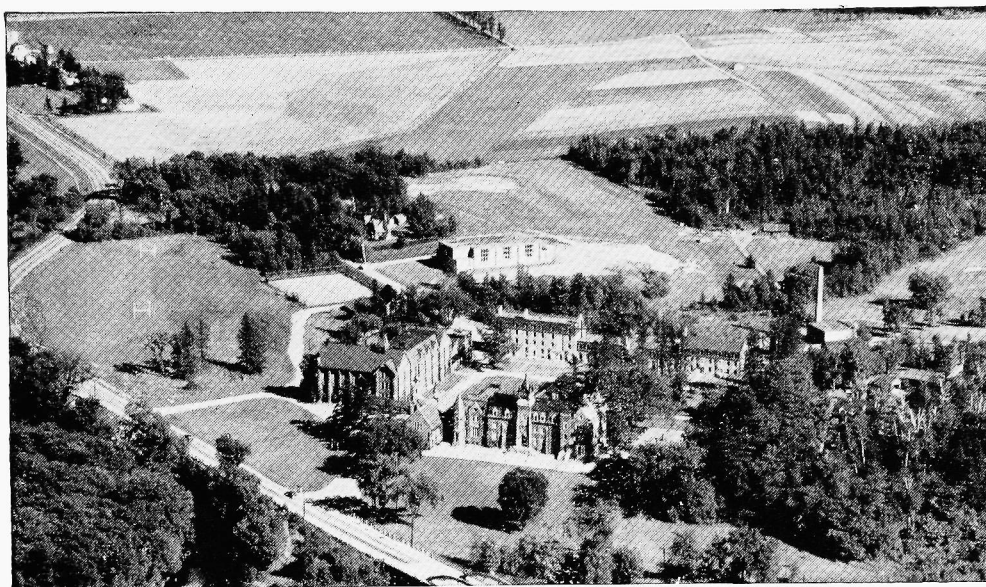
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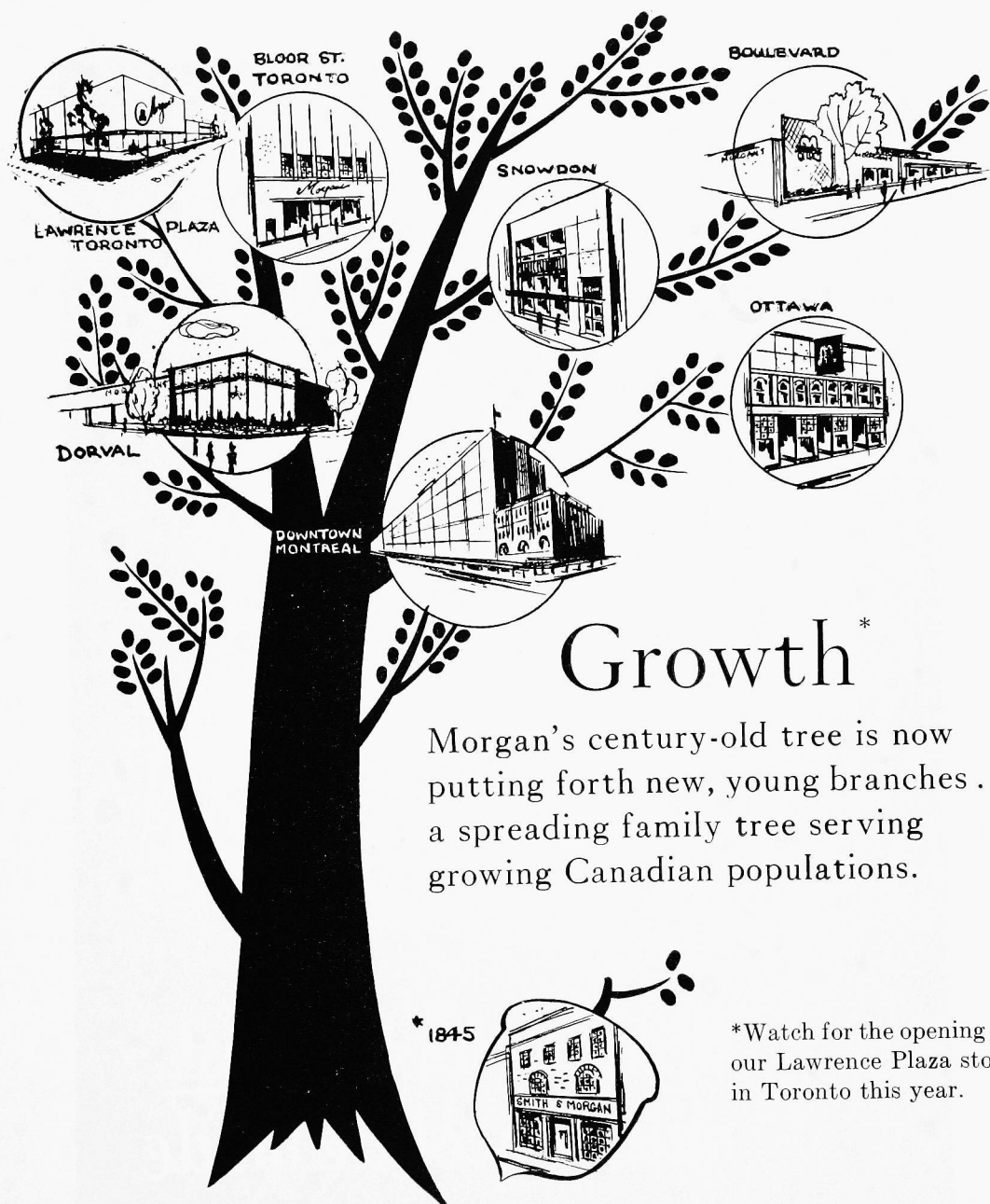
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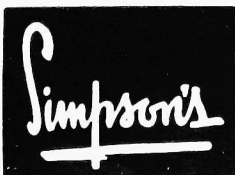
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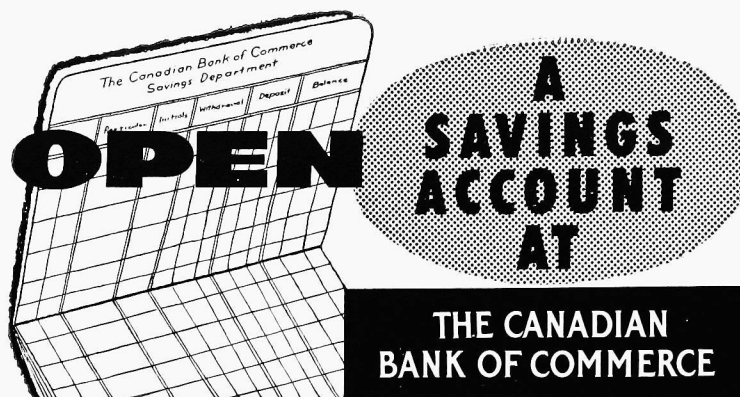
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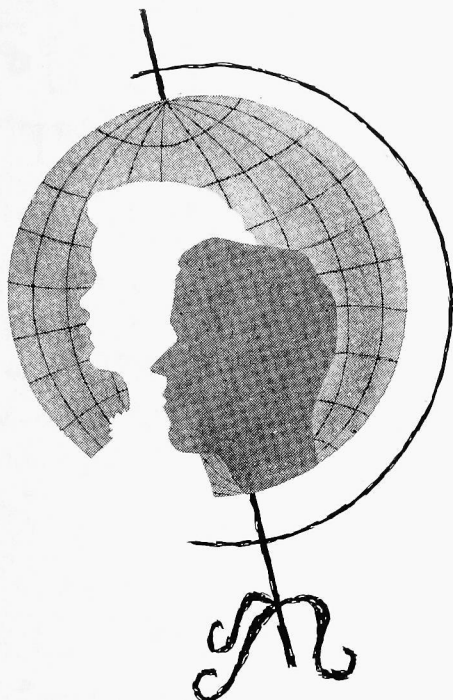


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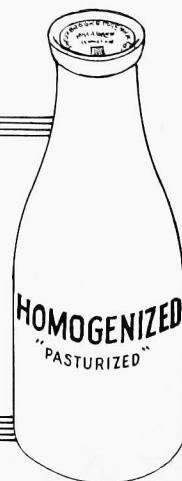
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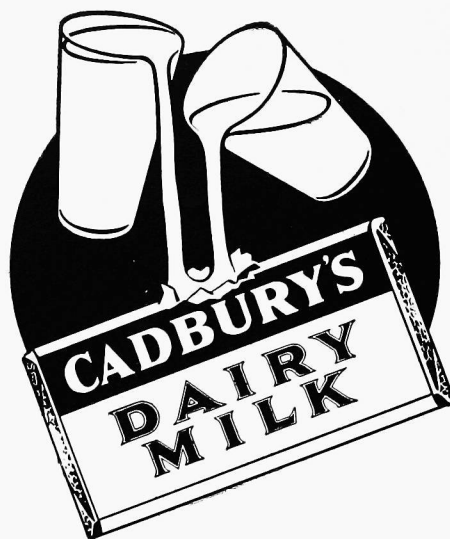
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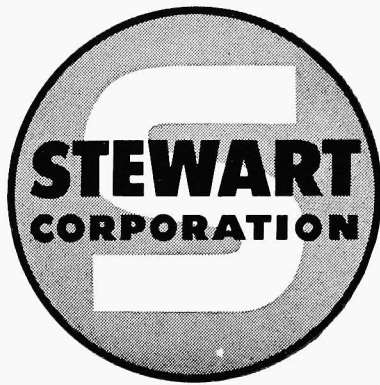


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